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The Week

THE manner in which our foreign policy is at present being administered was never better illustrated than last week. On Tuesday Secretary Kellogg came out for arbitration with Mexico. He endorsed the Robinson resolution in a statement which said, "I see nothing inappropriate or untimely in an expression of opinion on this subject by the United States Senate, and I welcome it." On Thursday Mexico accepted arbitration "in principle." On Friday the Senate Foreign Relations Committee adopted the Robinson resolution in a revised form which declared it to be "sound policy" to submit the differences of the United States and Mexico to an arbitral tribunal. But later the same day President Coolidge, at a conference with newspaper men, rejected the idea that we could arbitrate. Earlier in the week he had "boiled it all down" to the question: Has Mexico the right to confiscate American property? He now proceeded, on the assumption that this is a fair statement of the case, to observe that the United States cannot refer such a question to any arbitral body.

FOR a government to wabble so violently and rapidly on a question of major importance is almost unprecedented in our history. That situation, however, is one to which we are becoming accustomed. The administration has been turning almost daily flipflops since, a month ago, it gave four successive and mutually incompatible explanations of our interference in Nicaragua, all in the course of ten days. More profitable than regret over this fact is speculation as to the reasons which led the President to abandon his Secretary of State so cavalierly. It is possible, of course, that his remarks, which were put out as usual through the dummy figure of the Official Spokesman, were understood by the newspaper men to have more force than he intended. He may have wished only to proceed slowly toward arbitration, and not lose too early the "horse trading" advantage of seeming reluctance. He may have felt the force of the argument, which we discuss at length elsewhere in this issue, that from his own point of view he has nothing to arbitrate unless he abandons his fundamental philosophy. And finally, he may have heard from the oil men during the week. There is good reason to believe that these gentlemen feel they have been badly treated by the United States government. They were advised by their counsel, it is reliably reported, to accept the Mexican laws, and were on the point of doing so when the State Department stepped in and virtually ordered them to stand fast. If this report is correct, it is easy to see why they would be enraged when Secretary Kellogg yielded to the storm and embraced the idea of arbitration. It is easy to see, moreover, that their protests are just the sort which would make the greatest appeal to President Coolidge.

MEANWHILE, it cannot be repeated too often that nothing in the Mexican situation justifies in the slightest degree either the threat to use force, or a severance of diplomatic relations. The statement of the oil men, reëchoed by President Coolidge, that

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"it all boils down to confiscation of American property," simply is not so. While the law may be constructively confiscatory, the amount of confiscation in any individual case would in reality amount to only a minute percentage of the value of the property; and in most cases, there is the best of reasons to believe, there would be practically none at all. The dispute concerns, it will be remembered, titles obtained prior to 1917; and it is notorious that, for the most part, investments in Mexican oil lands before that date were extraordinarily profitable. Our government is fighting, on the whole, not to protect innocent American investors from losing everything, but to insure additional return to persons who, generally speaking, have already reaped a rich harvest. In order to guarantee all possible profits to these gentry, it is proposed that we sever relations with Mexico, raise the embargo on arms, and thereby automatically assist the attempts at revolution which would be sure to follow. As a result, the best government Mexico has ever had would be endangered, and perhaps overthrown; the country would be plunged into another bath of blood for years, perhaps for decades; and her people would again be forced to travel a needless, weary road of privation and misery. We weigh our words when we say that to permit this would be a crime against humanity.

IT IS worth while to translate into dollars and cents the losses with which American investors in Mexican lands are threatened by "confiscatory" legislation. They are offered fifty-year concessions in place of perpetual titles. All they need lose, then, is the present value of the capital that would remain in the land at the end of fifty years. So far as the value of the land depends on oil, it will be extinguished well within the fifty-year period. But suppose that the land continues to yield in perpetuity, and will be just as valuable at the end of fifty years as it is now. Land worth a hundred dollars now, we assume, will be worth a hundred dollars in fifty years. How much is that belated hundred dollars, now threatened with confiscation, worth in present values? Assuming that 6 percent is a fair return on Mexican investments, the present value of a hundred dollar capital of fifty years hence is $5.44. Five dollars and a half in the hundred is the outside limit of the loss the American landowners can incur from the enforcement of the Mexican oil laws. The American income-tax payer might easily lose more than five dollars and a half in the hundred if our government stands so stiffly on "principle" as to force us finally to intervene in Mexico.

A VIOLENT struggle is going on, behind the scenes in London, over British policy toward China. The group which favors peace and conciliation was in control when the famous Christmas Day announcement of policy was made; but since then, the militarists have gained ground. The decision to send 12,000 more British troops to China, making a total of 16,000, and to concentrate additional war vessels in Far Eastern waters, is intended, it is understood, to be a last sop to the supporters of the "firm hand" policy. Meanwhile, efforts at conciliation will be continued. The possible dangers of such a course, however, should be obvious even to the most jingoistic British sabre-rattler. The sending of British troops and vessels must seem to the Chinese a specific threat of war which nullifies all the fair words of Sir Miles Lampson and other negotiators. Moreover, the presence of soldiers and battleships is an incitement to mob violence. At any moment a few foreigners may be killed, and the fat will be in the fire. To be sure, nothing of any permanent value could be gained by a war. The powers could not hope to hold China in subjection, even if they were to win, which they could not do without using ten times as many men and ten times as much money as they can afford. At the end they would be no better off than they are now. China means to throw off the foreign yoke; China is strong enough to do so; and that is all there is to it. However, when foreigners have been killed, and "national honor" challenged, eventual consequences are not weighed. Of such a catastrophe there is hourly peril.

IF Great Britain is acting short-sightedly, the United States is equally guilty, and with less reason. The Nationalist government of China has offered to protect the citizens of any country which will repudiate its unjust privileges. The United States has in the past looked with favor upon such an action, which would cost us far less than it would Great Britain or Japan, and indeed would probably result in no substantial loss whatever. A resolution looking in this direction has been introduced in the House by Stephen G. Porter, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Yet in this grave crisis, when the whole future of the Orient for many years is at stake, and a possible disastrous war looms, what is the policy of the United States? No one knows. All we have done thus far has been to concentrate our war vessels in Chinese waters and thereby make more likely the very catastrophe we are supposedly seeking to avoid. So far as can be learned, President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg are without any plan, save to stand with Great Britain, Japan and France. That, we submit, is today no policy. These noble allies have all but succeeded in pulling the house down upon their heads. Must we wait until it has collapsed beyond repair before we exhibit any mind or will of our own?

BOTH claimants in Nicaragua have offered to compromise to some extent. Diaz is willing to reconstitute his government and to permit Liberals to participate—a proposal which he made some weeks ago, before the tempest over American-Nicaraguan relations began. Dr. Sacasa is willing to step aside,

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provided Diaz also does so, and to permit a neutral in the present quarrel to assume the presidency. Messrs. Coolidge and Kellogg undoubtedly realize that they have roused a hornet's nest, and are looking for some means of escape. It is probable that some device for arbitration, or for a reconstitution of the government, will be utilized. Nicaragua may even get, for a few months, a government of her own choosing, one not maintained in power by the United States. But if this state of affairs comes about, it will be only temporary. A year, three years, five years later, we shall be back again—unless there is a complete reversal of our Caribbean policy, as seems most unlikely. Professor Shepherd's article in last week's New Republic showed strikingly what that policy is, and how completely it requires absolute dominance in Central America. Our diplomats have been caught in a particularly flagrant impropriety and will have to halt until the storm blows over; but no one should be so naïve as to suppose that they will not begin again. They need only to wait until the public loses interest, and looks the other way. If past history is any guide, that is a mere matter of a few months at the most.

EVER since Poincaré assumed the Premiership in the present French government, there has been a mystery about his plans for the franc. It was known that he favored its rehabilitation without surrendering the financial independence of France, but on the other hand it was doubted that he could stabilize without the help of further loans from the United States. Since these loans would not be forthcoming without ratification of the Mellon-Berenger agreement on the war debt, and since M. Poincaré gave at least lip-service to the ratification movement, American observers settled down to watch the outcome of that effort. It now appears, however, that M. Poincaré has been quietly busy in other directions. Within a few days recently, France has sent gold shipments of $24,000,000 to the United States. She has credit balances at all the other important centres of world finance, aggregating about $350,000,000. This gold, it is reported, has been accumulated partly by purchase with paper francs from French citizens—a transaction easy to carry on with a rising franc. In addition, the government has indirectly accumulated foreign gold credits of $100,000,000 through borrowings in Holland and Switzerland by French municipalities, railroads and industries, sold to the Treasury for paper francs. It is rumored that some of these credits have originated from American funds loaned in Germany and elsewhere. By this manœuvre Poincaré seems to have been outwitting American intransigence, and to have fortified the Treasury against attacks on the exchange which might follow rejection of the debt agreement. If he can only manage to avoid further internal inflation, he may yet succeed in stabilizing the franc without formal American assistance. Perhaps we shall have to whistle for our money, and must thereafter face the ridicule of the world for having tried and failed to extort it when we might have arranged easier terms, with French consent.

CHICAGO did something in its finest character recently in turning out en masse to pay its tribute of love and admiration to Jane Addams. The dining-room of the Furniture Club was crowded by twelve hundred ticket holders, and a thousand applications were rejected for lack of space. Mayor Dever brought the congratulations of the city to its leading citizen. William Allen White, Judge Hugo Pam, and Professor Charles E. Merriam spoke of Miss Addams's work and influence, and the present outlook in the world for the doctrine of liberalism, understanding and disinterested service, which she has expressed in local, national and international affairs. Miss Julia Lathrop in presiding read letters, all of which had a genuine personal expression of affection, from individuals and organizations engaged in social service, and others, including President Coolidge, Governor Smith of New York and Governor Fuller of Massachusetts. The Chicago Tribune in its report of the occasion asserted that it was in effect a reply to the recent attacks upon Miss Addams, such as those emanating from the commander of the American Legion of Illinois, the Congressional Record, and other irresponsible sources, charging her with disloyalty, with being in the pay of Moscow, etc. No mention was made of these things at the dinner, however, and the attitude of the gathering was that of malice toward none and charity to all, which Miss Addams has made so perfectly her own.

THE soft-coal mining industry seems to be moving toward the tragedy which would follow elimination of the United Mine Workers from any degree of control. Already, according to the United States Bureau of Mines, 65.3 percent of bituminous coal is coming from non-union mines, whereas a few years ago the union covered two-thirds of the industry. The union operators are reported to be resolved upon demanding a wage reduction in view of the non-union competition, and the miners of course will strike to avoid the reduction, if no settlement is forthcoming before April 1, when the present agreement terminates. Every recent strike has resulted in enlargement of the non-union production, and there is no reason to suppose that another in 1927 would have any different outcome. We do not blame the union miners for attempting to avoid wage reductions, but we deplore the desperately ill-advised strategy on the part of the union leadership which has brought them to this situation. Mr. Lewis's policy of dealing with an over-expanded industry merely by trusting that the law of supply and demand would eliminate the surplus mines, while he stands pat on the peak wage scale, tends to eliminate

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the union itself. Unless he can devise some means of enabling the union mines to compete successfully, his policy is more disastrous to the union than either employers' hostility or Communist control of the organization could possibly be. It is, in fact, essentially the same policy which has recently been carried out by the left-wing elements in the New York garment union, a policy whose disastrous results are there attributed to Communist dominance.

THE action of the Senate in rejecting the Lausanne treaty was not surprising; Senators are particularly susceptible to the only argument which was brought forward against the proposal: namely, that the Turks have behaved badly in the past toward the Armenians and others—as they unquestionably have. For the reasons officially advanced for rejection (by six votes) there is little to be said. The excuse that the Turks refuse to provide a "Wilsonian homeland" for the Armenians is weakened by the fact that our Senate has decisively declined to have anything to do with this project, from the moment when it was broached down to the present time. The Senate also wanted the treaty to include specific guarantees for the protection of Christians and other minorities. This protection is not demanded, however, by most of the American missionaries and educators now in Turkey. These are reliably reported to believe that special treaty guarantees have the same bad results which have followed extra-territoriality in China, and that the minorities are better off if they submit voluntarily to Turkish law and seek the friendship of the Angora government. There is more merit in the third contention of the Senate, that Turkey should recognize the American nationality of naturalized citizens who were formerly Turkish subjects. This difficulty, however, could easily be made the subject of special negotiations. It exists as well in regard to several European countries, and we should never dream of breaking off relations with any of them because of it.

THE first result of the Senate's action will be a curtailment of American exports to Turkey, which now amount to about $4,000,000 a year. We have been represented for several years by Admiral Bristol under an agreement of limited duration, renewed from time to time, whereby we have received virtually the treatment given most favored nations. The current agreement ends this month and will not, of course, be renewed. Import duties on our goods will at once be increased about 800 percent. The position of all Americans in Turkey will also be made materially worse by the Senate's action. We suggest that it is now the turn of the opponents of the treaty to find a way out of the muddle in which they have landed the country. Do they propose to continue non-recognition for an indefinite period, on the off chance that the Kemal régime will be overthrown, and succeeded by one more amenable to dictation by stern-hearted American moralists? Or do they plan to throw Turkey overboard once and for all, to sink or swim?

HOW much longer can the myth that Mr. Coolidge is the leader of the Republican party be maintained? Certainly it could not survive many more jolts such as it has received in the Woods case. The Senate has rejected the nomination of Mr. Woods, of Pennsylvania, to the Interstate Commerce Commission, by the decisive vote of forty-nine to twenty-eight. It has done so despite the most strenuous attempts of President Coolidge to get him accepted, the President having made a political bargain with Senator Reed that the next appointment to the I. C. C. would go to the Keystone state. The quid pro quo was Reed's support of the nomination of T. E. Woodlock of New York. The adverse vote on Woods included not only Democrats and Progressives, but some conservative Republicans as well. It was a repudiation of the President's leadership even more striking than the incident a few days earlier in which the House regular Republicans overrode his wishes on the cruiser program. Our readers are aware of the reasons why Mr. Woods's appointment was undesirable, and we need not repeat them. We believe the Senate acted wisely in refusing to accept him, and that the President, in trying to jam him through, made another of the serious political mistakes which are beginning to be such a characteristic feature of his landscape.

AN interesting change in the occupations of the American people is revealed by recent estimates of the National Industrial Conference Board. Those engaged in agriculture have declined from 32.5 percent of the total in 1910 to 24.5 percent in 1925. The only other class which has lost, relative to the total, comprises those engaged in domestic and personal service. On the other hand, clerical workers have jumped from 4.6 percent in 1910 to 8.9 percent in 1925. Manufacturing, mining, transportation, trade, and public and professional service groups have all gained slightly. In respect to manufacturing it must be noted that the gain in persons employed is very small, and is nowhere near so large as the increase in output. Farm output per person employed has also increased, but not so much as industrial productivity. All this raises certain important questions. When we take people off the land, we add to the people in clerical and business occupations. When industry increases its efficiency, the enlarged output sustains many who are not producing the necessities of life. Does this mean that we have little net gain from improved mechanical efficiency, because so many clerks and other persons engaged in "overhead" are necessary for the management and integration of the more complex economic machinery? Or does it mean that what we gain in production we waste

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in advertising, merchandising and bargaining? It would be a poor joke on all the inventors and engineers if eventually we should find only 5 percent of the gainfully occupied engaged in production, and the other 95 percent engaged in trying to sell to each other what is produced.

AT last the great war between Harvard and Princeton is out in the open. Rough tactics by Princeton football men, continuing over a period of years, it is charged, were responsible for the strained relations which produced the break last fall. The accusation was made, with an array of specific instances to prove it, by W. D. Hubbard, former Harvard football star, in last week's issue of Liberty magazine, and was followed by an equally detailed reply from Princeton designed to prove that Mr. Hubbard is all wrong. We shall not presume to comment on the merits of the controversy, beyond remarking that, in view of the importance, economic and emotional, which attaches to intercollegiate football, we are only surprised that the players do not come on the field equipped with brass knuckles, hypodermic needles of "dope," and machine guns. It is, however, a cause for rejoicing that the Harvard grievance against Princeton has at last been aired in public. It had been whispered too long. Now the allegations can be submitted to the healthful rays of the sun, can be proved or disproved, and forgotten. The way is thus prepared for an eventual resumption of relations, desirable on every ground. After all, these are not two groups of hysterical children engaged in throwing dead cats at one another across a backyard fence. These are two of our leading institutions of light and learning, champions of that perfectibility of the human spirit which makes for tolerance, kindliness and justice. Isn't it about time they acted in character?

THIRTY-FOUR persons were lynched in the United States in 1926. Florida leads the roll of dishonor with nine. Texas is next with five and Mississippi third with four. Arkansas, South Carolina and Georgia had three each; Louisiana and Tennessee, two each, and Kentucky, New Mexico and Virginia, one each. Contrary to popular supposition, not all the victims of mob passion were Negroes accused of crimes against women. Three were white, one was an Indian, two were Negro women. Three persons were killed for a murder a year old, after one of them had been ordered acquitted by a judge and the other two were in the course of being retried; three others were killed "in revenge" for a crime they had not committed; one was shot by white officers while manacled. We do not propose to exhibit any mock surprise at the continuance of lynching, but should like to ask two questions: Is the South proud of this record? And if not, does it see any other way out than enactment of a federal anti-lynching bill?

Can Mr. Coolidge Arbitrate His Quarrel with Mexico?

AS a result of his handling of his quarrel with Mexico, President Coolidge is squirming in the embrace of an awkward predicament. He appears to be utterly at a loss to find a way in which to vindicate his policy and yet preserve his personal credit. His Department of State started the trouble by appointing itself, in relation to some part of Mexican domestic legislation, a court of final appeal, with Mr. Kellogg as presiding justice. It decided to its own satisfaction that the new petroleum laws of that state, irrespective of their administration, confiscate property in oil lands owned by citizens of the United States. It encouraged these citizens to disobey the Mexican law. It promised to them protection against the consequences of disobedience. There is only one way in which Mr. Coolidge can redeem this promise. Should the Mexican government refuse to alter its legislation at the bidding of the State Department, he must in one way or another force it to yield and punish it for its contumacy. The American government is, of course, fully competent to carry out the threat. Mexico has not the power effectively to resist. But coercion is a dangerous and expensive expedient which requires for its political success the cordial support of a great majority of Mr. Coolidge's fellow-countrymen. Even if it does not eventually call for armed intervention in Mexico, it must begin with a severance of diplomatic relations between the two governments and the subsequent connivance at revolution in Mexico or encouragement of it. The source of Mr. Coolidge's predicament is that a large, influential and eminently respectable fraction of American opinion is aggressively opposed to the use of such measures of coercion.

The President foresaw that, if he did not obtain the appearance or reality of almost unanimous support from his fellow-countrymen, he might be embarrassed in pursuing a policy of coercion against Mexico. That is why he appealed some weeks ago for an emphatic and general popular endorsement of his Mexican diplomacy. Apparently he sincerely believed that inasmuch as the Mexicans would be encouraged to resist by the evidences of opposition in the United States to his policy, and their resistance might lead to war, he was entitled to ask those of his fellow-countrymen who did not like coercion and war to withdraw their opposition. The publication of the appeal was a significant and sinister symptom of the narrowness of his outlook and his utter inability to grasp the motives and the scruples of the opponents of diplomacy with a Big Stick. The only possible effect of his appeal was to alarm rather than to appease his critics and to increase their suspicion of the means and ends of his policy.

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Precisely because he had invoked the spectres of revolution and war, those of his fellow-countrymen with any tendency to liberalism would be the more disposed to cross-question and oppose it. The real question from their point of view would be, not whether his policy needs unanimous support for its success, but whether it deserves such support.

The opposition soon crystalized into a demand for the arbitration of the dispute. Practically every agency of opinion which had any right to speak for the political conscience of the American people petitioned Mr. Coolidge to pause and to submit his verdict against Mexico to the decision of some disinterested tribunal. Even the Democratic members of Congress, who now exist as a party for the purpose of conniving at government by the Republicans, were in the end obliged most reluctantly to embarrass the President by endorsing arbitration. The volume and the quality of the protest certainly made him hesitate. For a few days he went through some of the motions of yielding. The State Department admitted that it was considering the possibility of arbitrating something about the dispute. But not for long. Mr. Coolidge himself discovered later that he could hardly arbitrate the question whether the Mexican government had by the retroactive clauses of its petroleum legislation confiscated the property of citizens of the United States. His oil-owning fellow-countrymen in Mexico had in the meantime read him a lesson. They had disobeyed the laws of Mexico and had rendered themselves liable to costly penalties on the promise of the thorough-going support of their own government. Arbitration was a gamble. The arbitrators might endorse the contention of the Mexican government that confiscation did not exist unless it could be proved in particular instances which were presented by the actual administration of the law. In that event Mr. Coolidge's oil-owning compatriots would have been betrayed into assuming a most vulnerable position. They would have disobeyed a Mexican law which, according to an impartial tribunal, was not, as Mr. Coolidge alleges, necessarily repugnant to international right. They would thereby have exposed themselves to costly penalties; and even if the penalties were lifted, they would be in danger of suffering losses from which their law-abiding competitors were exempt. No wonder they uttered a growl which Mr. Coolidge could not ignore. It might be he rather than Mr. Calles who had effectively impaired the value of their property and the sufficiency of their title to it.

It is, consequently, doubtful whether arbitration is a possible way out for Mr. Coolidge. He has not budged from his dogmatic condemnation of the Mexican oil legislation as in effect robbery by law. It forces the owners of oil property to exchange an absolute for a qualified title to legally acquired property and the Supreme Court of the United States would presumably declare domestic legislation of this kind confiscatory, even though it permitted the owner of the oil to extract the whole value of it from the ground. God's people, with Mr. Coolidge as their prophet, do not arbitrate robbery; they punish it. On the other hand, the Mexican government has itself never consented to arbitrate Mr. Coolidge's alleged right to outlaw its legislation. It considers the contention of the government of the United States equivalent to an attack on its sovereignty. It will not admit the existence of any confiscation which cannot be proved to exist in particular instances and be measured in dollars and cents. If confiscation of this kind can be established, it will pay damages, but it will not repeal the law. It does not recognize the existence of any moral or legal authority which is entitled to impose limits on the exercise of its police power over property rights in Mexico. Yet if the government of the United States agreed to refer this limited question and no more to an international tribunal, it would be equivalent to a confession of error in drawing up its original complaint. Mr. Coolidge has suffered a defeat unless Mexico agrees or is forced to repeal an act of legislation.

Such apparently being the present condition of the dispute, the opponents of coercion may have to alter somewhat the emphasis of their opposition. It was and is sound tactics on their part to agitate in favor of arbitration, but while continuing this agitation they should recognize that his reluctance to arbitrate is derived from the very nature of his case. He has already given hostages to fortune on the assumption that he is right, and he cannot afford to take the risk of being declared in part wrong. He has full constitutional authority to act on the assumption that he is right by severing diplomatic relations with Mexico. Only the clear and emphatic evidence of its unpopularity will prevent him from appealing to coercion. Should he adopt this deplorable course, he will start something very serious. In that event the all-important job for good American citizens will be the investigation of this controversy between their own and the Mexican government and some decision as to its merits. They cannot unload on an international court the burden of this task. Mr. Coolidge will force them to decide by acting in their name just as President Wilson did twelve years ago by refusing to recognize Huerta. It is their attitude towards his policy which will and should settle its fate.

They should be perfectly clear at the outset that the Coolidge contention, whatever its merits, can only succeed as the result of thorough-going coercion. The Mexican political leaders are united in believing that in resisting it they are vindicating something essential to their national independence and self-respect, and their conviction is shared by practically all politically-conscious Mexican citizens. Many devout Catholics have postponed their own bitter quarrel with the Calles government in order to strengthen his hand in resisting the United States. Up to date the controversy, while it has divided the

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people of this country, has served to unite the people of Mexico. They will combat the attempt of the President to sit in final judgment on their legislation, fiercely and to the bitter end. They fully realize that, if diplomatic relations are severed, the Calles government will have to fight for its existence with its back to the wall. It may or may not survive. But if it falls as the result of a revolution which receives official encouragement from the United States, its successor will not show any greater complaisance to the American demands than has Mr. Calles. The fall of Calles would drive patriotic Mexicans to desperation and nobody can tell what would be the result. It is possible, if not probable, that the Mexican people in their distress and despair would fatalistically take refuge in a form of organized radicalism, which they would adopt as the way of being as offensive and obnoxious as possible to their hated Gringo persecutors.

The real question, then, which Mr. Coolidge will probably ask his fellow-countrymen to decide, is whether they will support him in forcing on Mexico the acceptance of the official convictions of the government of the United States with respect to the limits of state power over private property. In considering it they should remember that coercion which begins by a rupture of relations is likely to end in the armed occupation of Mexico and probably in a second annexation of Mexican territory. The oil lands, it must be remembered, are not very far from the border. If any effective body of public opinion in this country believes, as the New Republic does believe, that a policy of coercion is wholly unjustified, it is confronted by an arduous and a disagreeable task. It will, in order to check Mr. Coolidge, have to protest much more emphatically and indignantly than it has yet done. The prestige of Mr. Coolidge's administration is becoming dependent upon the success of a policy which can succeed only by virtue of coercion. It looks as if he would continue to move in that direction without sufficiently realizing either the wanton and cruel injury he will do to the Mexican people by trying to destroy their present government or the disastrous future effect of the carrying out of his policy upon the relations of the United States with all other American nations.

What Building Saturation Does Not Touch

TO the warning issued last year by Mr. Walter Stabler, controller of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is now added the statement of Mr. S. W. Straus of S. W. Straus and Company, specialists in building investment securities, that a point of saturation has been reached in the construction of expensive apartments, apartment hotels, hotels, loft and office buildings. Though the usual denials have arisen from those who think a boom can last forever, it is clear that he is right except concerning a few localities, and that many other financial institutions, like these two great sources of capital, are cutting down the source of supplies for the building army.

Already a decline is visible in building contracts awarded, and if Mr. Straus's advise is followed, there will be a sharp drop for a year or so, until the demand begins to catch up with the supply. Since buildings of this nature have made up a large proportion of the construction total, the effect on industry in general is likely to be marked by falling production and unemployment.

It would be absurd, however, to say that the real need for decent dwelling places has been saturated, or even moderately well supplied. Millions of persons in the cities, great and small, are paying rents much higher than they can afford, for quarters inferior to those which they used to occupy. More millions have never had housing with sufficient air, light, recreation space, or even plumbing. For the construction industry, under these circumstances, to cut down its operations and contribute to a general industrial depression because of a "saturated" market is to confess a vital and insupportable weakness.

Suppose, ten or fifteen years ago, the makers of automobiles, after engaging in an orgy of superprofitable production for the wealthy, had curtailed their activities and confessed inability to proceed, because the market for Rolls-Royce, Pierce-Arrow, Locomobile and other expensive cars was temporarily saturated. Suppose the skill in making a cheap product for wide distribution, developed by Ford and his followers, had never been invoked, merely because doing so meant cutting down the profit margin per unit to a small figure and studying efficient operation. That, in the light of the subsequent history of the industry, would be thought short-sighted and ridiculous. Yet it would not have been so ridiculous or so injurious to society as the action which now is threatened by builders and investors in building, since automobile transportation is not so basic a necessity as shelter.

No great industry in the country has been so pampered, or so wastefully conducted, as building construction in the past decade. In the course of making up for the war shortage and supplying the most urgent effective demand it has become deathly ill with over-feeding and speculative fever which would unfit any industry to serve the needs of the country. In the first place, land prices and rents in favored regions have been bid up to unconscionable figures. Then have come the get-rich-quick operations of the speculative builder. First-mortgage capital he could secure in plenty at fairly reasonable rates. While reputable financial concerns would usually not loan more than a conservative percentage of the value, mortgage securities have

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been issued to the public on inflated values, so that they have covered a large share of the speculative risk. Even with this velvet, however, the builder did not have to stake much of his own money. He next obtained a second or even a third mortgage, for which he paid not merely high rates of interest, but bonuses as well—all of which were written into the cost of the building. Many builders then proceeded to shave their construction costs by shoddy practices, so that while the finished product would present an attractive appearance, it was subject to heavy and quick depreciation. This fault has been particularly noticeable in the cheaper homes and apartments produced for instalment sale in newly developed regions. The net result was that the "speculator" did not really speculate at all; by risking little or none of his own capital he made a fat profit, even though conducting his business wastefully and at inflated cost. It is inevitable that, with such practices prevalent in the industry, it should be thought impossible to produce decent and sound dwelling places at a low enough price so that the general demand can be supplied. Capital used to large profits in speculative building cannot seem to visualize the possibility realized in other industries, of producing a good product cheaply at a small margin, and being satisfied with a safe and steady return.

It may be argued that, in the first place, building is as a matter of fact more speculative than other industries, and that, in the second place, it is incapable of such economies in large-scale production as have resulted from the machine technique in automobile factories. The answer to the first objection is that building is so speculative only because it is conducted in a manner which involves the largest risks. To concentrate on the upper levels of the market and to operate on a basis of inflated costs is to risk heavy loss. But to work out a scientific method of producing a universal necessity at a reasonable price ought to eliminate a large part of the speculation. The answer to the second objection is that there are immense possibilities of reducing cost by intelligent planning and large-scale production in building. The reduction cannot of course be so drastic as in machine industry, because standardization and automatic machinery cannot be used so extensively. It may be impossible even with the utmost efficiency to produce really adequate homes, on the basis of city land-values, at prices such that the lower-paid wage-earners can afford them. But it certainly is possible to produce much better housing than is now available, at prices that will attract hundreds of thousands of families from their present quarters. It is possible to employ profitably all the capital that can be released from the financing of expensive structures, if it will be satisfied with a moderate but safe return, and is utilized in an efficient manner.

Anyone in search of proof of this assertion should examine the records of the City Housing Corporation. This limited dividend corporation, utilizing the best expert advice and employing efficient methods, has for several years now been erecting housing of high standard in New York, at a price which is equivalent on the average to $12.50 a month a room, has been meeting its first mortgage payments, has been paying a 6 percent dividend on the remainder of the investment, and has been putting aside a surplus which is ample to provide safety in the future. The houses which it erects are so far superior to what can be obtained elsewhere for anything like the same price, that the demand for them seems to be virtually unlimited. Many a preferred stock, yielding no greater return, is no more safe than the common stock of this limited dividend concern. Limited dividend corporations of this sort would appear to offer an outlet for all the capital that might be available for building for years to come. Yet capital is not flowing into them, because of the novelty of the idea that a 6 percent return in building can possibly be attractive with anything except first-mortgage security. The real-estate mind expects more profit and more risk.

Even a seizing of this opportunity would not, of course, solve the housing problem. It would not rebuild the slums or create dwelling places for the majority on the lower income levels. In order to bring about a chance of doing that, the New York state legislature last year passed laws giving special privileges, such as the power of condemnation, to limited dividend companies which did not resell the land. It was said at the time that the new laws gave private capital its last chance to prove that it could attend to housing for the poor. Apparently, private capital is not seizing, and will not seize the chance. But what shall we say if private capital is also unable to keep the industry going when it still has failed to supply the wants of the moderately well-to-do? In that case the present régime in building ought to be condemned, not merely according to the standards of public welfare, but according to the standards of industry itself, as exemplified in other forms of enterprise by private capital.

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Consumers in Wonderland

The First of a Series of Articles Showing What We Get for Our Money

ABOUT a year ago the New Republic published two articles by the authors under the title, A Few Billions for Consumers. The essential idea contained in those articles has in the interim been expanded into a book. The current article and those that are to follow are excerpts, very much condensed, from the manuscript of the book. They deal chiefly with concrete data serving to illustrate and drive home the thesis earlier presented to New Republic readers. That thesis, briefly, was as follows:

The consumer is today an Alice in a Wonderland of salesmanship. As the technical arts grow more complex, he becomes increasingly removed from any first-hand knowledge covering the composition and quality of the things that he buys. As the massed forces of national advertising, brand names, slogans, annual models, "service," and high pressure selling methods generally, move down upon him, he tends to lose all basis of independent judgment. With a thousand drives to make him lumber-conscious, tooth powder-conscious, electric refrigerator-conscious, silk stocking-conscious, furniture-conscious, soap-conscious, breakfast food-conscious, mausoleum-conscious, he buys blindly, chaotically, as the sluice gates of "distributive pressure" open and close.

When he buys, quality, durability, the best for a specific use—even beauty—tend to escape him altogether. The market gives him, now good value for his money, now excessive value for his money—as in certain forced sales—now sound goods at outrageous prices, now shoddy and adulterated products, now dangerous and vicious articles, now useless and tawdry things to fill the wagon of the junk man. Knowledge and discrimination have vanished from the scene, if indeed, since the days of cottage economy, they were ever on the scene. Is there any way of bringing them before the footlights? Perhaps; if the psychological difficulties are not insuperable. Many large intermediate consumers—a few great corporations, certain universities, buyers' associations, state governments, above all the United States government—tolerate no such nonsense. Such consumers set up standards of performance before they buy. For the federal government, the Bureau of Standards largely sets the measures of performance. For the expenditure of $2,000,000 a year, it is conservatively estimated that the Bureau, by testing goods in its laboratories and setting up specifications and standards, saves taxpayers $100,000,000 annually, on a part of the goods the government buys. Why cannot this technique be extended—with modifications of course—to inform and to aid the consumer at large?

The articles in this series deal in some detail with the Wonderland in which the consumer finds himself, and give some suggestions for finding a way out. If and when—a mooted question—Wonderland begins to pall. At the current writing, the consumer seems to be having the time of his life. With a little more than average purchasing power in one hand and an instalment contract in the other, he is trying to see how many advertisers he can appease between breakfast and bedtime. But such exuberance may prove temporary. In that hope—quixotic if you will—these articles are written.

Probably the best way in which to begin is by showing in some detail just how defenseless the consumer is. This we shall do by an examination of specific products which he buys, and specific methods used to sell to him. The evidence which we shall cite is authoritative. Much of it has been unearthed from government investigations. In presenting it we have no wish to draw an indictment against industry in general—unless it be on the broad ground of lost motion and waste, a ground which the United States Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Hoover have already taken with the greatest emphasis. But the general question of waste interests us less at this point than the methods by which the consumer, consciously or unconsciously, is kept in ignorance of what he is getting for his money.

We shall record some deliberate misrepresentation and fraud, but such practices are only a fraction of what might be termed the unconscious, traditional mechanism of the market, for which no individuals are directly responsible, which, like Topsy, just grew, and which, in the aggregate, furnishes the main element of loss to the consumer. We desire to show concretely where and how the consumer has failed to get his money's worth. Our appeal is to him; we want him to demand more light to the end that such practices will diminish, if not altogether cease. They will cease completely, alas, only in Utopia. In making that appeal vivid we shall have to pronounce a few names, and call a spade a spade, but our mission is not muckraking but education. We are trying to remove the handicap which the manufacturer of sound goods now so frequently labors under.

It is difficult to make logical headings for this case history. Real cases have an unfortunate way of falling under a number of academic classifications. Reality usually sprawls. For better or for worse we have selected certain main headings under which the almost limitless variations of market

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ignorance may, for the purpose of getting along with the story, be grouped.

There are, first, the surprising variations in quality at a given price—or, if you prefer, in price at a given quality. The first group of cases shows the failure of price to measure quality, and how the highest price does not necessarily secure the best.

Twenty-three representative carburetors were recently tested in the engineering laboratories at Purdue University. Just four of them adhered closely to what might be considered good all around performance. Some were good for only one kind of operation, such as idling, level road driving, or hill climbing, or for one small range of speeds. A few had characteristics exactly the opposite of those which a reasonable specification would require. Forty percent of them would not perform alike on different trials. Only one-quarter permitted the engine to develop its full power; one-third of them caused *large* curtailment of engine output through unnecessary pressure losses. Thus a device costing $2 or $3 to make, throttles the performance of an engine worth a hundred times as much.

It has been reliably computed that 15 percent more paid for the average automobile would increase its life *ten times*—a life so long that obsolescence would probably warrant the retirement of the car before it was worn out. Five hundred thousand miles may be too long a life for the ordinary passenger car, even though it is a sound figure for taxicabs and buses. Suppose, however, that at an added cost of 10 percent we lengthened the life of a car five times, to 250,000 miles. We should save enormously, not only by making the car last as long as we should want to have it around, but by keeping it quiet, saving most of the repair expense, and reducing by a large factor the number of accidents due to failing axles and brakes, and so forth.

The University of Minnesota found itself, some years ago, paying just half as much for laboratory alcohol as a university in a nearby state; and the same seller filled both orders for an identical grade and quantity on the same day. Various university purchasing agents, patronizing only three dealers, were found to be paying all the way from sixty-five cents to $6 per gallon for the same alcohol. A pool order for five carloads enabled the purchase to be made for twenty-five cents per gallon. The ordinary consumer will pay twice that much for a *quart*, and if it is bottled under a brand name, as rubbing alcohol, up to $1.50 a quart. The same purchasing agents found that a certain bristle broom made up according to Bureau of Standards specifications outwore others costing twice as much.

A large maker of flashlight batteries sold two grades: one his widely advertised grade, and the other, *processed identically, up to the time the label was applied,* for half the price. The making of high grade goods under mass production is often so inexpensive that it was probably easier to make both so-called grades of high quality than to attempt to vary the manufacturing process. Finding a different market outlet with the "cheaper" grade, helped to "protect" the dealer and the wall of national advertising behind him.

A laboratory investigation was made of radio antenna insulators sold at a wide range of price, with the result that one of the best types was shown to be the cheap one sold in the ten-cent stores, sometimes known as "vulcanized mud." Three stores in New York offered radio fans precisely the same battery voltmeter, at prices of $1.15, $1.75, and $2.25 respectively.

The United States government can buy a first-class automobile oil, suitable for the lubrication of the finest cars, at forty-nine and a half cents a gallon *in one-gallon containers*. We will pay $1.25 a gallon for oil at retail, often of an inferior quality. In one to five barrel lots, the government oil goes down to twenty-one, and in carload lots to fourteen cents.

What a private organization can discover to its own advantage is well illustrated by the surprising findings of Mr. John C. Dinsmore on behalf of the Educational Buyers' Association and other purchasing groups. Mr. Dinsmore reports price differences for identical commodities varying from 10 to 3,000 percent. For the Chicago Council of Social Agencies, he conducted, in 1917, an investigation into prices paid for milk. He found a variation of from twenty-four cents to fifty-six cents per gallon for substantially similar grades. Nothing was done about it. Eight years later, in 1925, he made a parallel study. The lowest price recorded was twenty-five cents; the highest, forty-seven cents per gallon. He calculated a loss to Chicago charities of $10,000 a year, arising from these senseless variations. "We suggested to the officials of the great milk companies that they voluntarily reduce these overcharges. It appeared, however, that they were quite aware of the uneven price structure and justified it by necessity. They had, they admitted, simply charged what the traffic would bear, and they did not care to make any adjustments in the prices paid by any institutions, charitable or otherwise." Other things being equal, the seller will usually charge what the traffic will bear, regardless of quality or manufacturing cost. The question still remains: Can the buyer bear the traffic?

Following the milk investigation, the Council of Social Agencies in Chicago investigated the cost of other supplies used by its members, and determined ratios as high as thirty to one on certain identical items. Ratios of several hundred percent were common. Prices on liquid soap varied from eight cents to $2.75 a gallon. One of the best managed hospitals in Chicago purchased 8,000 pounds of washing powder at fifteen cents a pound, which analysis showed was trisodium phosphate worth less than four cents a pound.

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The University Buyers' Association tested the durability of floor varnish. It found that varnish at $1.70 per gallon was equal in wearing value to varnish at $6. Another investigation disclosed that boiler compounds were being sold as high as thirty-five cents a pound in a city where the quality of the boiler water did not call for the use of any compound whatever.

The difference between certain classes of articles sold in the ten cent stores and those sold at three and four times the price in department stores and elsewhere, is often only a trifling matter of finish. Some customers may be willing to pay for finish, but most of us would not if we understood the situation. The actual difference in manufacturing cost between the best Woolworth screw-drivers and the hardware store variety is probably but the fraction of a cent which is needed to provide for a more careful inspection of the steel.

A popular proprietary table syrup, which retails at sixty-five cents per quart—and appears to be an adulterated maple syrup containing an unstated proportion of cane sugar—is in competition with pure maple syrup that can be bought direct from the farmer for sixty-eight cents a quart including express charges, in lots of only four gallons.

Concerning refrigerators, the consumer's only standard of judgment is the varnish, the white enamel and the price. The difference between ordinary household refrigerators and the best refrigerators is a factor of *two to one* in ice consumption. There are inferior refrigerators which permit food temperatures to go as high as 65 or 70 degrees F. in hot weather. At these temperatures food spoils eleven times as fast as at temperatures ten degrees lower. The American Institute of Architects and the United States Public Health Service recently requested that standardization of refrigerators be undertaken. But the American Engineering Standards Committee, in an effort to initiate standardization, found that the manufacturers, whose coöperation was essential, were unwilling to assist in carrying the work forward. They preferred Wonderland.

It is difficult to name a commercial article of wide and important use on which less research and standardization has been done, than household refrigerators. Nor one which needs them more. In Rochester, a city of 230,000 population, the waste from ice meltage because of improper insulation has been estimated at 60,000 tons yearly, or about $350,000. An extra inch of corkboard insulation, adding $20 to the selling price of a 100-pound capacity box, will save over six pounds of ice per day, or *18 per-cent on the investment* if the box is used but six months out of the year.

From ice boxes we turn to beds. A firm doing business under the name of American Feather Bed and Pillow Company, according to a finding of the Federal Trade Commission, sold bedding and pillows under the names, Princess, Washington, Progress, Puritan and Ideal, and represented them as being of different grades. Prices varied correspondingly. The facts were that the bedding was all manufactured from the same grade of feathers, covered by the same grade of ticking, with no difference in grade, make, or quality. As orders were received, a label, suitable to the purchaser's idea of the proper price to pay, was attached.

From beds we turn to sheets. Teachers College, Columbia University, has recently conducted a test of cotton sheeting. Nine makes of sheeting were selected. Laboratory analysis, based on Bureau of Standards procedure, determined the relative quality of each. This quality was then compared with the price. The make ranking eighth in quality, ranked second in price. Of two makes whose quality was identical, one sold for two and one half times as much as the other! The make ranking last in quality sold for 20 percent more than the make ranking sixth. The make ranking highest in quality sold for less than the brand ranking next to last. The lowest priced sample was sixth in quality. The highest priced sample was third in quality. The sample best in quality was lower in price than three others. In short, the consumer had an excessively slim chance of determining quality on the basis of price. And cotton sheeting is a relatively simple product.

In 1925, sixteen makes of small motors such as are used on washing machines, vacuum cleansers, etc., were tested at the University of Michigan, on behalf of one of the large power companies. Of the sixteen makes, twelve failed to comply with the standards of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, the Electric Power Club (the manufacturers' organization), and the National Electric Light Association. Seven makes were found seriously below standard. This case shows what may happen even in a field—electrical equipment—which ranks high in its efforts to maintain quality standards.

Engineers testing oils reported to the Society of Automotive Engineers that "the oil which gave most carbon in all tests was that which sold at the highest price."

Perhaps the foregoing are sufficient to illustrate the trouble in which the consumer may find himself when the only test of quality is surface appearance or price.

We have noted cases where the best was the cheapest, and vice versa. We have noted identical manufacture up to the time of affixing the label. We have noted almost unbelievable variations in the price charged for identical commodities, sold on the time-honored principle of what the traffic will bear. The interest of the consumer is always in the best product *for a specific use*. This is sometimes, as in the case of the radio insulator, the cheapest product in the field. It has been found that a second-hand file, resharpened, will do 20 to 40 percent more

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work than a brand new file! When we are cooking, we do not need the best table butter, but only the best frying oil. The interest of many advertisers, on the other hand, is to confuse this distinction; to make us believe that "it costs more but it's worth it," that "the best is none too good for you." If the telephone company bought poles on the slogan "no better telephone pole can be made," it would move some steps toward bankruptcy. Its poles must measure up to a standard of strength, straightness and freedom from decay, and that is enough.

The low cost at which many moderately elaborate articles can be manufactured under the principles of mass production is almost beyond belief. The labor cost on a certain automobile disc wheel as supplied on some of the finest cars is but five cents. A common knife-sharpening device, retailing at one dollar, has a material cost of about one cent, and a labor cost of not over five cents. A mechanician, known to one of the authors, once bid on all the metal parts of a bicycle complete. His bid of $3.65 was rejected as too high, although the selling price of the bicycle was at that time $100.

Prepared cereal breakfast foods retail as high as sixty-eight cents a pound by the package. The cheapest ones, says the Department of Agriculture, are usually those sold in bulk. The housekeeper, by grinding her own wheat in an ordinary coffee mill, can secure a good cereal breakfast food for three or four cents per pound. Disinfecting spray, made of formalin, perfume, and Lake Michigan water, was marketed under a brand name at the rate of $62 a barrel. When its composition was made known, the price dropped to forty-seven cents per barrel. Many materials commonly sold as disinfectants have no disinfecting value at all—they merely give a pleasant odor, or one suggesting cleanliness. Yet real disinfectants are so cheap ($1.50 to $5 a barrel) that there is no possible need—save the desire to collect all that the traffic will bear—to offer any but an effective product.

As to antiseptics, Sollman, quoting Wood, in the Journal of the American Medical Association (July 4, 1925), notes that "four hundred and ninety-five dollars' worth of Listerine has the antiseptic action of a cent's worth of corrosive sublimate."

Here is carbon tetrachloride, an effective grease solvent, a clothes-cleaning and moth-killing agent, and a fire-extinguishing liquid. It is widely sold under many proprietary names at prices ranging from fifty to ninety cents a pound. It may be bought at wholesale in moderate quantities for eight cents per pound. Trisodium phosphate, a newly developed cleaning agent, is likely to come into wide use in place of soap powders and similar materials. It retails for sixteen to twenty cents per pound under proprietary labels, but may be purchased for about four cents per pound in barrels. Duly bottled, with a pleasing perfume added, it is sold at tremendous margins over its basic cost—as bath salts.

Practically all metal polishes function through the action of some abrasive (sand or rotten stone), a cleaning agent or solvent, (gasoline, benzine, or alcohol), a little soap to cut the grease, and sassafras or lemon oil to disguise the odor. The cost is trifling compared with the gorgeous retail rate. The purest soap, chemically, can be sold at ten cents a pound, but a fancy toilet soap may cost several dollars. As to the disinfecting and "health-building" qualities of soap, the amount of medication introduced is so small that the true worth of the compound is hardly above that of pure soap at the best. A certain liquid soap is sold as high as $1 a gallon, but in Chicago the Y. M. C. A. makes its own—a better grade—for eleven cents a gallon.

Floor oils and furniture polishes have the same basic constituents, and about the same manufacturing cost. Some are nothing but a light red mineral oil with a little perfume added. The combination frequently sells for thirty times as much per gallon as the wholesale price of the ingredients.

The government's writing ink—which is permanent, does not wash off when wet, resists chemicals, and really turns black—is purchased to specification for twenty-three cents a quart, whereas the going price at retail for ink—which often assures none of these qualities—is about $1.25. But the Government Printing Office does still better—it is now making its own writing inks, blue, black and red, at *nine cents per quart,* not including the bottles. The government buys typewriter ribbons meeting exacting tests for $1.67 per dozen. The price to the general consumer, for uncertain quality, is from $8 to $10.

Here is a widely advertised mineral oil for constipation. "One dollar starts you on the road to health." Perhaps it does, but for that dollar you get a pint of an oil which at wholesale can be bought for seventy cents a gallon. Carbon tetrachloride, as already noted, wholesales for eight cents a pound. The druggist charges you fifty cents a pound even in five to ten pound quantities. Carbon disulphide sells at wholesale for six cents a pound, and the druggist charges you seventy cents; ammonium sulphate sells for two and one half cents and he charges you thirty-five cents; sodium silicofluoride for five cents a pound and he charges thirty-five cents for half an ounce! These figures are based on stable wholesale prices as quoted in the Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter, and retail prices secured by ourselves in New York drug stores the same month. How does the druggist account for such a gorgeous spread between wholesale and retail price? Nor do druggists as a rule grow rich. Waste, we suspect, claims most of the margin on these particular items; the waste inherent in the cost of carrying an unlimited number of branded tweedledees and tweedledums in stock at the same time.

In short, innumerable cases are to be found where the retail price is not twice, but three, five, ten, fifty times the manufacturing cost (and some-

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times the wholesale price). Mass production is continually driving manufacturing costs down. Retail prices stay stubbornly up, often increase. Does this mean that the middleman is a greedy profiteer, putting these fabulous margins into his own pocket? Only rarely. The margins are mostly eaten up in selling expenses. The selling expenses are largely composed of useless and often unwanted services, of propaganda, special pleading and misinformation, which increase the consumer's ignorance, of carrying in stock a dozen brands of the same basic thing. If the technique of tests, standards and specifications were in operation, much of the selling effort would inevitably collapse, margins would be forced down to reasonable levels above mass production costs, and profits would probably be steadier, if not positively larger, than they are at present. Think of the 400 separate concerns all making roofing cement to one basic formula—coal tar and asbestos—yet all doubtless spending money and plenty of it, to persuade the consumer of the unique and unparalleled excellence of each brand.

If the consumer knew the whole story, knew the basic formula, bought to specification on that formula, special pleading would simply evaporate, and mass production function as it ought.

In this article we have discussed, for the most part, the acrobatics of quality and price. Next week we shall take up two other equally important subjects—adulteration and misrepresentation.

STUART CHASE AND F. J. SCHLINK.

Do Ye Ken John Peele?

IT is such a hunting morning as never was. I scuffle across the frosty lawn in my riding boots, breathing ice. The electric light from the stable sheds feeble warmth into the blackness below the dawn. Familiar things are strange and loom and recede out of their right proportions. It is too cold to be a dream, yet it is fantastic.

My hunter, led into the blackness, shivers, cringes as I mount. He blows through his nostrils and swings his head from side to side taking quick uneven steps down the gravel. We are in the road now, hacking smartly to the meet between ghostly hedges. On other roads at this hour, through frosty short-cuts and by-ways, other horses are hacking to the meet, their riders blowing on their fingers. But we have in our ears only the flat plink-a-plunk of our own going.

It is such a hunting morning as never was. Frost with not a breath of wind, and the maples beginning to burn now through the dissolving dusk. From a high place as I cut across fields I can see the ridges hardening in the blue haze that was, a moment ago, the blackness under the dawn. Light wells up into the east—gold and purple are on the ridges, and blue like a vapor creeps to the distance, to the chilly hollows. There is scarlet ivy over this wall, and apples shine in that orchard. Give me autumn anywhere in the world and I will choose New England.

There is something like the dawn itself about a meeting of fox-hounds—there is a thrill, a banality. I view the meet from a hill as I ride down to it—the hounds and horses and gay pink coats, the vivid human sport that makes a mere setting of the rarest dawn. To see the quiet road so crowded, my mind ranges half ironically into the romance of fox-hunting, and there meets a real emotion. For there is something about it after all. It is such an antique sport, so ceremoniously ordered. I have heard that the hunting pink comes down from druidic custom, no less. Hunting shouts and hunting horns and the ritual of the fox-hunt are old out of mind, at any rate. They have a hold on the imagination still. They are old England and Ireland to us—and though it may be only the emotion which makes us buy Christmas cards with stage-coaches on them—yet somehow about fox-hunting hangs a savor of gentility and country hospitality, of a hard-drinking, blasphemous, genial sort of life, in which are all the virtues called Anglo-Saxon, to which romantically, nostalgically we cling. We think of Squire Western, Jorrocks, John Mitton and other horsey heroes of the tradition. And so, viewing the pink coats of a North County hunt meet, we think proudly that we are of the tradition too.

"It's a fine day, ain't it?" says Malone, clattering up with his convoy from Miss Birman's Private School (all conscious of their seats and hands) behind him. "Fine," say I, and we ride forward to join the field.

In the road, in the ditch, on the banks crowd the horses, restless and chilly in their clipped coats, rattling their bits, wheeling and pawing until the ground is churned.

"Whoa there, baby dar-*ling,* damn ye!" Grooms chide, but are proud of the sleek beauties.

Most of the riders have come by motor, well muffled in great-coats. They find their mounts, and are reluctantly helped out of their wraps by the chauffeur. Now is the cut of Bond Street revealed in their pink or their jaunty black, Peele in their boots, perfection in all appointments. For not only do we hunt the fox at Northport, we hunt him with scruple of buttons, stocks, gloves, and the fit of breeches at the knee. There is no exacting smartness like the smartness of hunting togs . . . And so, while the groom whoas and gentles, into the cold saddle.

It is cold, there'll be no doubt of that. But men who work by preference in steam heat at a temperature of eighty are not cold in the saddle when hunting is afoot, any more than they are uncomfortable in a wet duck blind, or by a fly-infested salmon river. They take what precautions money can buy, but for the rest, it is Sport.

"Cold day, Mac?"

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"You're right, Thomas, my son. No wonder you're grinning away—just the weather for selling furnaces, what? Say, I've got a little business in hand . . . I don't suppose you're divulging anything about that dividend—There's some talk on the street——"

"Do you think you will declare a dividend, Mr. Finch?"

"Yes, I heard you were too, Finch. How about it? . . ."

Miss Diana Titcomb has just arrived. She danced until two this morning at the club. But she just couldn't miss a hunt. Miss Titcomb just couldn't miss anything. Her nose is a little red, but she does not complain of the cold.

Neither does Mr. Nathan Suleiman—indeed not. Mr. Suleiman—the only representative of his—shall we say race?—in the club—is a large landowner. It is said that once, before he belonged to the hunt club, he threatened to fence his square miles, but nothing has ever been said about that since he became a member. In fact Mr. Suleiman, sitting pretty on his Irish roan, has nothing to complain of the cold.

Nor has Mr. J. Augustus Brock, of Brock and Brock, our leading real estate firm. Mr. Brock is one of the most enthusiastic members of the hunt. He was one of its founders. He has, as we say, vision. For it is largely thanks to Mr. Brock that Northport has become, to use his phrase, a gentlemanly countryside, and not a common suburb like its neighbors. When he sees hounds meet, as now, at the gate of an attractive Tudor house with its well planted landscape, a sort of beneficence rises up in Mr. J. Augustus Brock. Like, as Mr. Brock figures it, will always attract like, and the population of Northport will never be inexpensive. He would point out to you, for instance, if you were new to Northport, the man over there on the black horse—Mr. Simeon Coles of the Coles Company. And the little woman on the chestnut—wife of the great newspaper owner Willis—and next her Mrs. Ashton Parker—Parker and Crompton, you know. And so on, until you were impressed with the aristocracy of Northport. You would note that it is the wives of all these millions who ride to the hounds. Or if their husbands come at eight to the meet, they pull out to catch the nine-forty for the offices where all these millions are made. You will notice, too, if you have an eye for horse flesh, that the stables of England and Ireland and Virginia have sent scions of their best blood to Northport. You will find that the ancestry of the mount is often long and celebrated.

But here go the hounds to covert. We take a little wall and canter down across the field to a corner of wood. The wise stay in the road, knowing the fox will run to Jake's Point from here—haven't we run him there a hundred times?—and go to earth in the inaccessible rocks when he has had his exercise. The master says this fox would have his feelings hurt if we didn't hunt him at least once in a fortnight.

This country was designed in fact rather for the fox than for fox-hunting. If it weren't for bridle paths we have had cut through the woods we should never keep up with the hounds at all. As it is a kill is much rarer than a return home sans run, sans hounds, sans everything. Once when we had lost the hounds, I remember, we rode glumly by a school-house—the little red school-house of story—where half a dozen small dagoes were having recess.

"Lookit tha hunters!" We became the object of attention.

"They oughta had a dawg with 'em, oughtn't they?"

"Sure they got one—see, there he is," and a knowing finger pointed out the lame tail hound left us of twenty couple.

But today we are in luck.

"Speak, Trilby. Speak to him, girl. Whoo, Jasper, Yehoo, Sunset. Hark to him there, hark to him, hark, hunt 'im!"

"Gone awa-a-ay—Tally-ho—" from the road. We are off.

Across three fields—fields actually cultivated once by farmers long since dead—over three walls built of the stones taken out of those fields; and now back into the road over a nasty bar-way. We turn sharply to the right up Mr. McMillan's drive. He paid two hundred thousand for this place four years ago—he could sell it for three now. Into the bridle path and down through the woods. You can see the Italian palace built of chewing gum through those trees—they say the bath tubs are all of marble. Out into the fields again. That little remodeled farm-house belongs to Simon Quarle, the socialist. Awfully attractively furnished—real colonial stuff: preserves the atmosphere, you know. This property is his, too. Every year or so he threatens to fence it—says he doesn't believe in fox-hunting. Fact is, he doesn't like other people on it. Wife has money.

This is a lovely old place. Used to belong to an old New York family. They came here for the summer for fifty years, but land's too valuable now to keep, so they're cutting it up into lots, a sort of private residential park. They'll have a big lake out of that hollow by spring.

Look, they're crossing the road. That's a good break. Here's the best galloping stretch in the country. Old Frank Fulsome—he has the stones taken out and the holes filled up every year to make it safe for riding. That's his house up there. He brought the whole thing over stick by stick and stone by stone from France. It's a good three hundred years old, so I guess he didn't pay any duty.

We've turned to the east—it's a good run. Straight into the sun now, eyes, whipped by the speed, blink in a dazzling mist. Steady, Troubadour, easy, son. There are horses that grow wings at the sound of a pack in full cry. We are crossing the

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commuting line now. No more palaces out here. It's a good twenty-five minutes to the station and that inevitable train. See, there's a farm-house, unremodeled. There are houses out here that have solid wooden blinds let into the wall to be pulled across the windows at night for fear of Indians. You needn't believe it but it's true. Old New England crops up from under the gentlemanly countryside out here. This is the country the granite-headed Yankees fenced off for themselves with these stone walls that make such bully jumping. They used to hunt foxes in any-colored coats, with guns, themselves. A fox was a varmint with a pelt, and he ate hens.

Jake's Point — the usual check. He's gone to earth in the cliff as always. "Worry, worry, worry, Yee-hoo—"

We breathe our horses and lounge in the saddle, thinking of the ride home. But we are in luck again, for Cyclone has picked up a new scent and the pack is with him, hot, mad, hell-bent into the woods. They must be nearly on that fox. We pour into the bridle path, and then into a narrower path, single file, cursing the snapping branches. The fox makes a quick circle—he's a gray this time—and the field crashes after him in its single line. Miss Diana Titcomb has adroitly managed to be first after the master. They will surely kill.

They kill at the spot where they started before the end of the line has rightly got going. But the brush goes after all to the youngest of the Birman brood, who is first by virtue of having been last. Pads are distributed to the first gentlemen. The mask is cut from what remains of the fox and hung at the huntsman's saddle. And so the end of hunting for this day. Horses are turned home.

"There's no sport like it," says Mr. Suleiman to Mr. Brock. Miss Diana Titcomb powders her nose. A flask changes hands, and there is talk of the breakfast.

"Look here, Finch, that's a go. I'll come up to your office this afternoon and bring Isaacson with me. You can give him the dope yourself and I'll arrange the deal. So long. . . . "

In the distance a huntsman is shouting after stray hounds. He stops, and silence falls on the sunny autumn day. Across the old fields the old stone walls run scarlet with ivy.

LANCELOT.

Washington Notes

NO one, of course, can forecast, with any degree of accuracy, happenings in either Mexico or Nicaragua. By the time this piece is printed, some entirely unforeseen developments, explosive, warlike, revolutionary, may have occurred. One never can tell; but at the present moment things seem calmer than for some time, and the bellicose spirit of our elderly but active Secretary of State appears to be considerably subdued. The way in which he first warmly welcomed the arbitration proposal in the Robinson resolution and then backed cautiously off, illustrated better than anything else how thoroughly unhappy he has become under the opposition to his policies, and how anxious he and the good Calvin are to find some way out. All this "firm stand" stuff we read about in the papers is merely a bluff. Underneath, it is no secret among the discerning that there has been great perturbation on the part of the President, who is never at ease when driven into affirmative action, and positive panic in the little group of Massachusetts advisers and counselors around the White House, who see in the whole Latin-American situation possible danger to renomination plans. It may or may not have had anything to do with the more moderate tone of the State Department, but it is interesting, none the less, to know that just before Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Coolidge began to talk hopefully of the possibilities of arbitration, three members of the Morgan firm had been in Washington. Two, I am credibly informed, lunched at the White House, while the third called on Mr. Mellon. All very successfully avoided publicity. These quiet little visits of our Wall Street rulers may not, as I have said, be significant. On the other hand, there are those who contend they are full of significance. In any event, these flying visits to the White House are even more frequent this session than they were during the last one.

But let's get away from this Nicaragua affair and discuss things of real interest. To be perfectly truthful, I know as little about Latin America as nine-tenths of the United States Senate, and find it something of a labor to keep in a state of hot indignation over even the obviously indefensible and distressingly unsuccessful policy followed in those countries by the Coolidge administration. I know it's all wrong, and I hate the idea of gaining for sordid reasons the ill will of a lot of little fellows who ought to be our friends, but there are too many other interesting things going on here, right under my nose, to continue longer the futility of writing about it. It is, for instance, vastly more entertaining to point out that the competition for the honor of being the most extravagant and fulsome eulogist of Mr. Coolidge has become so keen between Mr. Curtis and Mr. Hearst that the poor old New York Herald-Tribune has lost both prestige and reputation as an administration organ. There was a time when the publisher and representatives of the Herald-Tribune stood at the very head of the whole procession of Coolidge publicists and propagandists—but no longer. Brother Brisbane and Brother Lorimer are the fair-haired boys in these days. I am reliably informed that at least six representatives of Curtis and Hearst have lunched at the White House since any representative of the Herald-Tribune has had so much as an invitation.

This is not to say that the Herald-Tribune is in disfavor, although, if the truth be told, one or two of its editorials on this Mexican business were criticized by the little inner circle as being "wishy washy" and not up to standard. Still, the general excellence of its record is appreciated. The only trouble is that the ramifications and circulations of the other two are so incomparably

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superior that in this critical period, when the great question of whether to try for the third term or not is being weighed and decided, it is impossible not to give them first consideration. As between Mr. Hearst and Mr. Curtis, it does seem as if the latter were forging into first place, and would not easily be dislodged. True, it is hard to beat Brother Brisbane's daily insistence, in about thirty Hearst sheets and many other dailies, that there is no question of a third term involved at all. This is, he maintains, Mr. Coolidge's first term—the next will be his second. That is fine, of course, but Mr. Curtis beats it. Not only are his morning daily in Philadelphia and his evening one in New York the most sycophantic and subservient to administration interests of all daily publications—more so than the Herald-Tribune ever was—but he has in addition the Saturday Evening Post, through which the Coolidge pap can be fed to the moronic masses, one week, by the articles of the comic and well compensated Mr. Will Rogers, the next, by the ponderous and solemn, but also well compensated Mr. Richard Washburn Child, and every week by cartoons impressing upon the people that our noble President has everything well in hand and will look after their interests if they will just trust to him.

On the whole, the Curtis facilities for favorable publicity beat any other combination in the country. This may be construed as an advertisement, which they do not in the least need, but the cold fact is, they reach and influence more people than can be affected in any other way. And I may say, with considerable safety, that so long as the Curtis publications are conducted along present lines, the hospitality of the White House, including having the White House automobile meet them at the station, will be extended to his talented writers just as often as he cares to send them down. There is no such thing as wearing out their welcome. If it will make them feel any more at home I have no doubt that dear old Papa Stearns can be got to kiss them as they come and go.

Before concluding, I want to touch upon two pieces of news concerning New York politics which, at least to me, seem to have some interest, even though I must admit they have no importance whatever. One of these is the action of Senator James W. Wadsworth in lending his name and fame to the advertising and exploitation of a popular brand of cigarettes. To the friends of Jimmy Wadsworth in various parts of the country it must have been something of a shock to pick up the daily paper and see his picture peering out of the half-page advertisement, and to read his ringing declaration concerning the merit and quality of these cigarettes. Had certain of Mr. Wadsworth's colleagues capitalized their position in this respect, there would have been considerable unfavorable comment, but not a great deal of surprise. But for Wadsworth, with his wealth, his social station, background and breeding, it was a very genuine surprise. Also, the comment was certainly unfavorable. I am told that in reply to inquiries from colleagues he insists that he got no money whatever for his part in the advertisement, but did it merely as an accommodation to a friend. That, of course, makes it very much harder to understand. The only explanation I can offer is that his friend got him in a moment when he was not hitting on all six —or even on all four.

The other piece of news about a New Yorker concerns Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., otherwise known as "Young Teddy." A good many months ago, I think I mentioned the fact that Young Teddy's political ambitions had by no means been killed by the dreadful drubbing received two years ago, when, as a Republican candidate for Governor, he ran against the redoubtable Al. It seems, if some of the most veracious Republicans of prominence whom I know in Washington are to be believed, that I put it much too mildly. Instead of being killed, Young Teddy's ambitions have gained incredibly in size and strength. Laugh if you will, but I am told that he seriously entertains the idea that in the event of Mr. Coolidge's not being a candidate to succeed himself, he, Teddy, is the best and most available man for the Presidential nomination. What a nice little notion that is for his brother-in-law, the Prince of Good Fellows, to bite on! What a hit it must make with the Prince—and with the austere Mr. Mills! That anyone aside from Young Teddy himself takes the suggestion seriously, is not maintained. That he does take it seriously, may be gathered from the fact that he is even now going about the state of New York, making speeches here and there, assailing Governor Smith as a trickster, insisting that he deceived the people into voting for him, that he really is no good at all. Just a day or so ago he spoke along these lines in Syracuse—and is, I am informed, open to other engagements of the sort.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Fat Boys

IT only dawned upon me gradually who they were. I was attending a conference of social scientists on problems of the day. The best minds in their respective fields were present, I was told. Occasionally I found myself wondering if the best minds hadn't declined. I should have known the fat boys would be there. The conference was to consider "projects," and projects have to be financed. Hence the fat boys go, one might almost say, they are, from conference to conference. Another time I'll be prepared.

It was while I was listening to a discussion of sociologists, and amusing myself by putting their language into language of my own, that my eye first lit upon a fat boy. He had come into the room in the middle of a paper to which the assembled company was paying polite attention. Arriving in haste, he made for a seat in the back of the room, stopped on the way to shake hands with a friend and dropped sideways into a chair which had its back toward the speaker. He was wearing golf clothes and a green eye-shade around his head. I knew from his manner that he was "somebody." He had plainly just run in to see how things were getting on, thus interrupting the pursuit of something more important, but what

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it was, from his ambiguous attire, I could not tell. He evidently knew what the speaker was recounting, for he gave it scant attention, running his eye rapidly over the heads of the audience and seeming to be preoccupied with the important matter he had left behind. Yes, he was somebody. Watching him and noting how sure of himself he was, I felt less sure of myself not to know him. "Who is that young man?" I asked my next-door neighbor. "That's Mr. So-and-So of the —— Foundation."

At the time I thought little of it. My mind returned to the bright word patterns of the sociologists—"circular causation," "interstitial areas," etc.—and forgot Mr. So-and-So. But it happened again and often. My eye would spot the newcomer, fairly young, well set up, well dressed and wearing in addition to his obviously good clothes a clear air of authority that made one instantly pause to ask: "Who is that young man?" and the answer was always essentially the same, "That's Mr. —— of the —— Foundation."

There was Mr. C—— for instance, who represented the X Foundation. He had small features, set regularly in a pale round face, lemon-colored hair, and glasses clinging to his small round nose. I was told it was he who had sent two of my friends abroad for a year's sabbatical study. Could it be possible! I watched Mr. C—— closely after that. Once I saw him lean over to whisper in the ear of his neighboring conferee, a man of substantial reputation and achievement, "Have you thought of —— —— ——? That, in my opinion, is the heart of the problem." Evidently Mr. C—— was more of a fellow than he looked.

I came finally to watch for these young men, and it was not long before I discovered that they were all alike. Young, confident, busy, they seemed to know everything, although in reality they only knew *about* everything. They had their ears to the ground, and knew what was going on, but it was always the fact that something was going on, rather than what that something was, which seemed to interest them. They would stop you in the hall with: "Have you heard about the very interesting experiment being made at Oshkosh by Dr. Thingumbob?" or interpose during a discussion: "It might interest this group to know that the American —— —— Association at its annual meeting last month took a definite position on this question," etc., etc. Remarks like "What fine things President Jones is doing at Kalamazoo!" or "I am most anxious to see how the development of such-and-such a plan will work out," fell impressively from their lips; but so far as I could see or tell, it was the only form their acquaintance with ideas ever took. Later on I saw, or thought I saw, how it all fitted into their little scheme.

They had, I thought, probably started life as bright boys with promise. A few years of promise, and then achievement becoming more difficult, the aim has become a trifle wobbly, and the future comparatively insecure, when lo! a Foundation happens along, looking for a bright young man to act as its executive. And now, backed by the consciousness of millions behind them, flattered by the attentions of those whom they hold in their astonished grasp, striving manfully to conceal their astonishment and to reconstruct as invisibly as possible a front that will do justice to the magnificence of their position—no wonder they all achieve the same outward personality, that irritating blend of ignorance and omniscience against which I felt forced to protect myself. For that is how I hit upon the name which has been used by my friends ever since. "It seems to me," I remarked one day, "that we have a good many fat boys among us."

We were indeed surrounded by them, and the conference, spurred by the implication of their presence, was full of suggestions for ameliorating the lot of mankind by schemes of the most expensive kind. Was it a "study" of this or that, the sum required was stated in good round terms. Was it a directing head for some big job? A fat boy was named.

At the end they were eclipsed by elder brothers who arrived on the scene—far, far superior, better dressed, more remote and possessing a clearer air of authority than the fat boys had ever dreamed of, but showing earmarks of something that by now had become familiar. It took cleverness to see the earmarks. Here were men of parts, bright boys with promise who had realized their promise, or almost had, and then, in mid-career, for who knows what reason, had stopped expressing themselves and become, each one, the spokesman of one of the big Foundations. Wealth and power are in a sense theirs. And yet—a look, a familiar phrase, a sense of something experienced before, and the suspicion grows until it bursts at last. Fat boys! That's what they are, just fat boys of larger and more serious proportions.

How serious the proportions are getting to be, only a few of the really wise ones know. They know that civilization can't be made to flower under the guiding hands of fat boys, however bright, and they have seen already some of the harm that pudgy fingers do. But serious, too, for the fat boys themselves. Watching them closely, listening hard for overtones and undercurrents of their talk, another great illumination comes. Some of these boys are beginning to suspect how fat they are!

One of Wells's Worlds

MR. WELLS, in The World of William Clissold, presents, not precisely his own mind as it has developed on the basis of his personal experience and way of life, but—shifting his angle—a point of view based on an experience mainly different from his own, that of a successful, emancipated, semi-scientific, not particularly high-brow, English business man. The result is not primarily a work of art. Ideas, not forms, are its substance. It is a piece of educational writing—propaganda, if you like—an attempt to convey, to the very big public, attitudes of mind already partly familiar to the very small public.

The book is an omnium gatherum. I will select two emergent themes of a quasi-economic character. Apart from these, the main topic is women and some of their possible relationships in the modern world to themselves and to men of the Clissold type. This is treated with great candor, sympathy, and observation. It leaves, and is meant to leave, a bitter taste.

The first of these themes is a violent protest against

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conservatism, an insistent emphasis on the necessity and rapidity of change, the folly of looking backwards, the danger of inadaptibility. Mr. Wells produces a curious sensation, nearly similar to that of some of his earlier romances, by contemplating vast stretches of time backwards and forwards which give an impression of slowness (no need to hurry in eternity), yet accelerating the Time Machine as he reaches the present day so that *now* we travel at an enormous pace and no longer have millions of years to turn round in. The conservative influences in our life are envisaged as dinosaurs whom literal extinction is awaiting just ahead. The contrast comes from the failure of our ideas, our conventions, our prejudices to keep up with the pace of material change. Our environment moves too much faster than we do. The walls of our traveling compartment are bumping our heads. Unless we hustle, the traffic will run us down. Conservatism is no better than suicide. Woe to our dinosaurs!

This is one aspect. We stand still at our peril. Time flies. But there is another aspect of the same thing—and this is where Clissold comes in. What a bore for the modern man, whose mind in his active career moves with the times, to stand still in his observances and way of life! What a bore are the feasts and celebrations with which London or New York crowns success! What a bore to go through the social contortions which have lost significance, and conventional pleasures which no longer please! The contrast between the exuberant, constructive activity of a prince of modern commerce and the lack of an appropriate environment for him out of office hours is acute. Moreover, there are wide stretches in the career of money-making which are entirely barren and non-constructive. There is a fine passage in the first volume about the profound, ultimate boredom of City men. Clissold's father, the company promoter and speculator, falls first into megalomania and then into fraud, because he is bored. I do not doubt that this same thing is true of Wall Street. Let us, therefore, mold with both hands the plastic material of social life into our own contemporary image.

We do not merely belong to a latter-day age—we are ourselves in the literal sense older than our ancestors were in the years of our maturity and our power. Mr. Wells brings out strongly a too much neglected feature of modern life, that we live much longer than formerly, and, what is more important, prolong our health and vigor into a period of life which was formerly one of decay, so that the average man can now look forward to a duration of activity which hitherto only the exceptional could anticipate. I can add, indeed, a further fact, which Mr. Wells overlooks (I think), likely to emphasize this yet further in the next fifty years as compared with the last fifty years—namely, that the average age of a rapidly increasing population is much less than that of a stationary population. For example, in the stable conditions to which England, and probably the United States also, somewhat later, may hope to approximate in the course of the next two generations, we shall somewhat rapidly approach to a position in which, in proportion to population, elderly people (say, sixty-five years of age and above) will be nearly 100 percent, and middle-aged people (say, forty-five years of age and above), nearly 50 percent more numerous than in the recent past. In the nineteenth century, effective power was in the hands of men probably not less than fifteen years older on the average than in the sixteenth century; and before the twentieth century is out, the average may have risen another fifteen years, unless effective means are found, other than obvious physical or mental decay, to make vacancies at the top. Clissold (in his sixtieth year, be it noted) sees more advantage and less disadvantage in this state of affairs than I do. Most men love money and security more, and creation and construction less, as they get older; and this process begins long before their intelligent judgment on detail is apparently impaired. Mr. Wells's preference for an adult world over a juvenile, sex-ridden world may be right. But the margin between this and a middle-aged, money-ridden world is a narrow one. We are threatened, at the best, with the appalling problem of the able-bodied "retired," of which Mr. Wells himself gives a sufficient example in his desperate account of the regular denizens of the Riviera.

We are living, then, in an unsatisfactory age of immensely rapid transition in which most, but particularly those in the vanguard, find themselves and their environment ill-adapted to one another, and are for this reason far less happy than their less sophisticated forebears were, or their yet more sophisticated descendants need be. This diagnosis, applied by Mr. Wells to the case of those engaged in the practical life of action, is essentially the same as Mr. Edwin Muir's, in his deeply interesting volume of criticism, Transition, to the case of those engaged in the life of art and contemplation. Our foremost writers, according to Mr. Muir, are *uncomfortable* in the world—they can neither support nor can they oppose anything with a full confidence, with the result that their work is inferior in relation to their talents compared with work produced in happier ages—jejune, incomplete, starved, anæmic, like their own feelings to the universe.

In short, we cannot stay where we are; we are on the move—on the move, not necessarily either to better or to worse, but just to an equilibrium. But why not to the better? Why should we not begin to reap spiritual fruits from our material conquests? If so, whence is to come the motive power of desirable change? This brings us to Mr. Wells's second theme.

Mr. Wells describes in the first volume of Clissold his hero's disillusionment with socialism. In the final volume he inquires if there is an alternative. From whence are we to draw the forces which are "to change the laws, customs, rules, and institutions of the world"? "From what classes and types are the revolutionaries to be drawn? How are they to be brought into coöperation? What are to be their methods?" The labor movement is represented as an immense and dangerous force of destruction, led by sentimentalists and pseudo-intellectuals, who have "feelings in the place of ideas." A constructive revolution cannot possibly be contrived by these folk. The creative intellect of mankind is not to be found in these quarters, but amongst the scientists and the great modern business men. Unless we can harness to the job this type of mind and character and temperament, it can never be put through —for it is a task of immense practical complexity and

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intellectual difficulty. We must recruit our revolutionaries, therefore, from the Right, not from the Left. We must persuade the type of man whom it now amuses to create a great business, that there lie waiting for him yet bigger things which will amuse him more. This is Clissold's "Open Conspiracy." Clissold's direction is to the Left—far, far to the Left; but he seeks to summon from the Right the creative force and the constructive will which is to carry him there. He describes himself as being temperamentally and fundamentally a liberal. But political Liberalism must die "to be born again with firmer features and a clearer will."

Clissold is expressing a reaction against the Socialist party which very many feel, including Socialists. The remolding of the world needs the touch of the creative Brahma. But at present Brahma is serving science and business, not politics or government. The extreme danger of the world is, in Clissold's words, lest, "before the creative Brahma can get to work, Siva, in other words the passionate destructiveness of labor awakening to its now needless limitations and privations, may make Brahma's task impossible." We all feel this, I think. We know that we need urgently to create a milieu in which Brahma can get to work before it is too late. Up to a point, therefore, most active and constructive temperaments in every political camp are ready to join the Open Conspiracy.

What, then, is it, that holds them back? It is here, I think, that Clissold is in some way deficient and apparently lacking in insight. Why do practical men find it more amusing to make money than to join the Open Conspiracy? I suggest that it is much the same reason as that which makes them find it more amusing to play bridge on Sundays than to go to church. They lack altogether the kind of motive, the possession of which, if they had it, could be expressed by saying that they had a creed. They have no creed, these potential open conspirators, no creed whatever. That is why—unless they have the luck to be scientists or artists—they fall back on the grand substitute motive, the perfect ersatz, the anodyne for those who in fact want nothing at all—money. Clissold charges the enthusiasts of labor that they have "feelings in the place of ideas." But he does not deny that they have feelings. Has not, perhaps, poor Mr. Cook something which Clissold lacks? Clissold and his brother Dickon, the advertising expert, flutter about the world seeking for something to which they can attach their abundant libido. But they have not found it. They would so like to be Apostles. But they cannot. They remain business men.

I have taken two themes from a book which contains dozens. They are not all treated equally well. Knowing the Universities much better than Mr. Wells does, I declare that his account contains no more than the element of truth which is proper to a caricature. He underestimates altogether their possibilities—how they may yet become temples of Brahma which even Siva will respect. But Clissold, taken altogether, is a great achievement, a huge and meaty egg from a glorious hen, an abundant outpouring of an ingenious, truthful, and generous spirit.

Though we talk about pure art as never before, this is not a good age for pure artists; nor is it a good one for classical perfections. Our most pregnant writers today are full of imperfections; they expose themselves to judgment; they do not look to be immortal. For these reasons, perhaps, we, their contemporaries, do them and the debt we owe them less than justice. What a debt every intelligent being owes to Bernard Shaw! What a debt also to H. G. Wells, whose mind seems to have grown up alongside his readers', so that, in successive phases, he has delighted us and guided our imaginations from boyhood to maturity.

J. M. KEYNES.

Intimate Opera

La Finta Giardiniera, by Mozart. With the English text by Harrison Dowd. Mayfair Theatre, January 17, 1927.

THE Mayfair Theatre runs out of the hubbub of Forty-fourth Street like a little theatre in a palace before which the mob roars by. It is a small place, but most comfortable, and it is perfect for the uses of intimate opera. The Intimate Opera Company, under the direction of Mr. Macklin Marrow, and under the management of its organizers, Miss Helen Freeman, Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay, Mr. Max Shoop, Mr. Deems Taylor, Mr. Brian Hooker and Mr. Marrow, has installed itself there, with various plans for the season. The season begins with Mozart's opera bouffa, La 'Finta Giardiniera; Gluck's Orpheus may follow and other pieces, but this for a beginning is a charming choice.

This is the first production of La Finta Giardiniera in America. It belongs to the composer's early work; he was twenty-one, to be exact, when he took up the text already used triumphantly by Anfossi and wrote his own music into it. In 1780, some four or five years after the first Italian version, Mozart turned La Finta Giardiniera into German. From this the present production is derived.

Whether this opera is one of Mozart's more interesting pieces is another discussion; that it is a delightful thing is certain. It comes late enough in the history of opera bouffa to be flexible in its form, and full of variety in its moods. Not all of it is clowning or even comic, there is a place for real feeling and for lovely lyricism; indeed the variety of it is one of this opera's best points.

The story of La Finta Giardiniera is characteristic opera bouffa. It is headlong, giddy, foolish, gay, and full of vivacity and of the fragrance of passion that drifts into moonlight and lives by the light strings of serenades. Its mind is that of the commedia dell' arte; its soul is that of Pierrot. Its music is deceivingly simple, but rich in invention, in subtle, candid shading, in a strange, innocent voluptuousness of youth. Of the twenty-eight numbers there are one or two that must be among the loveliest of Mozart's writings.

As for the story, who could tell it? It has the chaos of the blood in our veins and of sunlight; what order there is in it and what coherence of incident must be extracted by the busy order mongers, by the cold ardors of the lovers of sequence in this world. In the Folly's prologue—spoken delightfully by Miss Norma Millay—

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we have as much of it as makes any sense. In that prologue we learn that Violante, heroine of the play, loves Count Belfiore and that something that Folly does—her name is Serpetta—moves Nardo, who is wholly mad with love, to folly, which she cannot resist, for folly she at all times must adore. There is Podesta with money, he is full of managing and lust. The Count Belfiore, thinking Violante dead, pays suit to Arminda, niece of Podesta, and very rich and very much in need of a husband. Arminda turns her back on Ramiro the poet, who, desperate as Dante, sings about sorrow and such. Violante meanwhile, disguised as Sandrina, sweet gardener, is lovelier than ever. In time she wins Belfiore back again, and Folly, in the light of the moon, brings sanity back once more to simple-minded lovers and broken bells in tune again.

Like the poor author always he did not share in the ovations that gathered and broke at the end of La Finta Giardiniera, but the credit for the most completely successful portion of the occasion goes to Mr. Harrison Dowd. His adaptation of the libretto is the wittiest that I have ever seen in English of any opera. Mozart would have smiled at it, rejoicing in its fresh tang and its command of genuine idiom; and the author of the first text from which Mozart and Anfossi worked would have been satisfied indeed with the imps in it, with the devil's own naughtiness of some of the detail, with the buoyancy and happiness throughout its course. This adaptation contrives a real commedia dell' arte in modern terms, the first out of many attempts that I have ever seen come off; it has sting, laughter and poetry of feeling, all lightly floated on the lines, all bitten in with a certain sharp veracity.

Mr. Joseph Mullen's settings were most happy and delightful, the garden-green walls, the black and silver folds of that silken, fantastic cemetery. Miss Millia Davenport's costumes were right and charming.

The direction of the piece fell to Miss Helen Freeman. Much of her achievement was admirable. There were many ensembles and cues that were far more difficult than any worker outside the theatre could imagine. To contrive those movements, those elusive responses and quick transitions in position means no small skill. The one shortcoming in the direction, however, is most important. In the spoken places in the piece, which are frequent, the effect is flowing and vague. It is all right, if you like, to move the women's voices up into a pleasanter music than that of our native speech and to seek a tone that is as airy, delicate and unreal as that music of Mozart's is in the other moments of the scene. But for such an effect to be telling and dramatic the sharpest vitality must be exercised. What these players need to do is, taking those light musical voices if they choose, to speak for the sense. In so delicate a medium there is all the more need for the stress to fall accurately, however light the whole effect may be. Under that fantasy the meaning needs to be struck; the ictus of the meaning, the emphasis of the life pushing behind those fleeting lines, must be caught unerringly. The tone may hover, flutter, float, but the intention, the sense, must be clear, or the scenes fade out.

Mr. Macklin Marrow has an excellent orchestra assembled. His tone is beautiful, his sense of warm and endearing harmony is most unusual. What he needs to cultivate is what these moonlight speakers that I have already spoken of so deeply need. It may come with time, repetition and the removal of the first night's scare; but so far his pattern needs outlining, his music needs pointing up to more brilliance of edge and more sharpness of phrase.

As for the singing, it depends on what standard we are thinking of. The last Mozart I heard was the revival shortly before Christmas of The Magic Flute at the Metropolitan Opera House. In that I heard a soprano singing beautifully something from Wagner written by Mozart, something very soft, rich and Elsa-like above a pattern that quite melted away into a Nordic bosom. I saw a disturbing Russian décor that loaded down the play and the music with barbarous heat and fancy. And I heard Miss Marion Talley for the first time. She sang Sembrich's old rôle, the Queen of Night, with the innocence of a convent canary. A pretty voice, sweet, silvery and as yet very young, attempting an aria without any idea of its form and without any beginning or end, like a young miss doing a piece in a boarding school concert. Judged by such a standard the singing in La Finta Giardiniera was fair enough. It, too, needs pointing up, needs attack, pattern, thematic accentuation and more brightness of general accent and tone. Miss Dorothy Chamberlain brought to the rôle of the pretended gardeneress a sweet and untired voice. Mr. Richard Hale, of last year's fame in Orpheus, as Nardo, the best part in the opera, was admirable.

The best thing about this occasion, however, was a certain freshness of faith, a certain sweetness of feeling and enthusiasm, qualities rare in our serious theatre and forever invaluable to it.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

What the Communists Did to the Garment Workers

SIR: Inasmuch as your recent article, entitled What the Communists Did to the Garment Workers, touches closely upon the present factional dispute within the union, which seems likely to involve the entire trades union movement of America through misunderstanding of what the issues really are, we wish to call these facts to your attention.

The strike which you term "unnecessary," and which you intimate was fomented through Communistic influences within the union, was voted by the membership in 1924, upon demands formulated by the officers of the International before the present left wing leadership in the Joint Board came into office. The demands and the strike were approved at two conventions, and ratified by the Executive Boards of every local, and the General Executive Board of the International.

Before carrying out the vote of the membership for a strike, President Morris Sigman, of the International, submitted the demands to a commission appointed by Governor Smith. The report of the Commission, made two years later, admitted the necessity of limitation of contractors so that the jobbers might be held responsible for union conditions in their contractors' shops, but the jobbers absolutely refused to concede the point. Therefore a strike was unavoidable. The Commission's report, furthermore, conceded an important point to the manufacturers

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which the union could not yield, that of the right to discharge 10 percent of the workers in each shop every year, in addition to those discharged for cause—with all the speed-ups, discrimination against active union members, and other evils that such reorganization entails.

The report of the Commission was taken up by the Joint Board and the locals, and it was unanimously decided, in view of the fact that the jobbers refused to accept it, that a strike be called. A mass meeting of all workers was called in Madison Square Garden, where by a rising vote it was unanimously decided to authorize the Joint Board to call a strike. Officials of the International, including President Sigman, spoke for the strike at the meeting and at the Joint Board.

We differ from your statement that the strike gained nothing that could not have been secured by the acceptance of the Commission's report. Increases in wages, considerably higher than those recommended by the Commission, were obtained in all crafts. The forty-hour week was secured. The clause allowing reorganization was modified greatly.

The implications of your article, that the strike was not carried on in an honest trades-union fashion, are exactly those that are being used by the International to obscure the real issues of the present dispute, which are the abolishing of the "rotten borough" system of representation at conventions, by which the officers of the International have kept themselves in power, the abolishing of corruption in the International, and the abolishing of the undemocratic policy of expulsion of members for alleged political beliefs. We feel that it ill becomes a liberal journal, of your reputation for fearless adherence to the truth, to assist one side in a factional dispute within a union by such an implication, particularly when it is a matter of common knowledge and public record that both sides coöperated in planning, calling and conducting the strike.

We submit to you, as we have submitted to the International, that there is a practical and democratic way both to settle the dispute and to give the workers an opportunity to throw out of office any leaders who they feel have betrayed them. The regular elections are long overdue. Why does not the International permit them to be held under the auspices of some impartial body? A referendum to the mass of the workers is the only method to decide such issues. The officers of the Joint Board have pledged themselves to step aside if this is the decision of the workers.

LOUIS HYMAN,
Manager of the Joint Board of
Cloak and Dressmakers' Unions.

New York, N. Y.

Should the Filipinos Have Independence?

SIR: Because I have been for many years a reader of the New Republic and an admirer of its fair-minded and honest stand on the leading questions of the day, and because I am temporarily a resident of the Philippine Islands, I have looked forward to finding in your columns some articles on the subject of Philippine independence that would be a little above the usual ill-informed and emotional effusions now appearing in the newspapers. In this I have been disappointed so far. . . There has been no attempt to consider the question of what we should do with the islands from a serious disinterested viewpoint. Putting aside the question of rubber, which is an unfortunate complication just now befogging the issue, and putting aside also the claim of the Manila politicians for independence, what, in the circumstances, is the fairest, finest thing that the United States can do with these islands, whose affairs she has undertaken to guide? . . . .

As the Filipinos are not originators we have tried to give them a knowledge of the government and culture that is ours and that we believe is the best. We may be wrong in our belief but we have given generously and the Filipinos have accepted eagerly. . . Our most enlightened educators, our most sincere administrators, and our most disinterested citizens in the Philippine Islands, however, are convinced that what we have given them is but half learned and half understood. To hand over to a group of Manila politicians—most of whom are of mixed blood, in which the tradition of Spain is still strong—the administration of a hard-working, ignorant rural people whose interest is in the land and whose ability to cope with governmental affairs is still very limited, seems hardly fair to the mass of Filipinos and to ourselves.

There are many other confusing aspects of the situation. There is the problem of protecting the non-Christian tribes, our promises of protection to the Moros in particular. There is the fact that the veteran leader Aguinaldo and many of his followers do not believe in immediate independence, and that Osmeña is not openly espousing the cause of immediate independence, while many Filipino business men think it a mistaken policy.

Lastly, it is unfair to say, as the New Republic did in its issue of September 15, that the Filipinos "have on every possible occasion declared that they want independence, complete and immediate." The Manila politicians and their followers have done so. But what about the Moros and Aguinaldo and his veterans, what of the big rural groups that have not been heard from at all? It is about as fair to say that the United States has on every possible occasion declared for prohibition. . .

M. H. S.

Manila, P. I.

How Privates Complain

SIR: One of your editorial paragraphs on page 176 of the issue of January 5, 1927, in speaking of a procedure under the League Mandate System of bringing complaints to the attention of the League, compares the system to "the army rule that a private can only complain of injustice by a lieutenant through asking the lieutenant himself to speak to the captain about it."

There is no such rule in our service. So far as I know there has never been any such rule; and I permit myself the opinion that there will never be any such rule.

On the contrary, any person who believes himself to have received unjust treatment may bring the matter to the attention of his commanding officer directly and in person; and may appeal, through the channels of command, as high as he likes.

That is the rule.

ALAN PENDLETON,
Captain, Twenty-sixth Infantry.

Plattsburg, N. Y.

Women and Poetry

SIR: Reading a review of Edmund Wilson's in a recent issue of the New Republic, my belligerent feminine eye fell on this. "One cannot be sure, however, whether the almost universal writing of poetry by women in America—even admitting the social freedom and intellectual vitality it implies—is altogether a cause for rejoicing. . . . If it is true that the American woman tends to be underdeveloped sexually, the writing of poetry by women would take on the aspect of a manifestation of energy and emotion balked of their natural outlet."

Does a more general (it most certainly is not universal) writing of poetry by women imply any greater underdevelopment sexually, or only that a greater social freedom and intellectual vitality have provided women this added outlet for emotion? And might it not just as well indicate a greater development sexually, an overflow of vitality rather than a perversion? And in either case what is there to lament? Most of the poetry they write compares very favorably with that written by men, who, we suppose, write from purer motives.

As for the "subject matter giving color to this theory," may I ask, most respectfully, what of the poets of the seventeenth century, Donne, and Drummond, and Herrick, to mention only three?

MYRA MARINI.

Passaic, N. J.

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Close-Ups of Washington

George Washington, The Human Being and the Hero, 1732-1762, by Rupert Hughes. New York: William Morrow and Company. 579 pages. $4.

George Washington, the Image and the Man, by W. E. Woodward. New York: Boni and Liveright. 460 pages. $4.

As a nation we seem peculiarly addicted to carving of marble and burning incense to we look around, we are by no means ill a demi-god, and Lenin seems cer- heroes not formally canonized and The sanctification of Lenin is partly serve useful political ends. We have ut lesser results, more unconsciously, laced the sandy part of our historical , and the rock again with marble. nan has a strong inclination to forget vas undignified, and to remember the was. Our collective past has suffered nly lately has the heavy fog of hands- enshrinement begun to lift, not of lligent attack. Not of itself, for if go on worshiping founding fathers, and constitutions, a little less belligerently perhaps, but with the same sincere torpor.

Respect is the deeper and more lasting for being acquired, and for being the result of an up-hill climb. Most of our American respects, particularly our public reverences, are handed on to us from others, are swallowed whole with small seasoning of information, and become part of our moral code, part of our "treasured possessions," solid, durable, but also as to which we are extraordinarily sensitive, quick to scent blasphemy, and almost uneasily on the defensive. We lack that imperturbable calm of the true-blue Roman Catholic, who can meet the most violent attack upon his Church, his Pope, with an ironical smile and perhaps a little argument, leaving us to guess that the greatest of organizations is perhaps invulnerable after all. Our guardian of American marbles demands respect and reverence at once, without information, and will never be convinced that it is better to begin with doubt and end with faith than to begin with faith and end with more of the same, served cold and second-hand.

It is refreshing to find how many great public Americans turn out, after investigation, to have been really great all the time, underneath their burial mounds of pious wreaths. If one did not investigate, one would very likely believe more and more firmly that they were not great, that those who say they were are idiots, that perhaps they never existed at all, but were invented to fill some of our empty niches. At any rate, the Fourth of July patriots and the vanilla school-books have made a great many of them out to be extremely stuffy figure-heads. And these people have had it all their own way. The majority of knowledge and opinion about George Washington received by us has come from them—partly our fault, as for some time there have been intelligent things to read about him. But the myth has so far prevailed, and instead of a very remarkable and human Washington, we have had an unapproachable shrine, littered with Athenæum Stuarts and likenesses of an impossible, periwigged great-aunt, who could not tell a lie, who crossed the Delaware, defeated the red-coats, fathered his country with prophetic wisdom, went to church, and never swore—the highest of political virtues.

This figure is melting away, and there is beginning to appear a vastly more human, and therefore a really much greater character. The former tendency, to prop up a few pale private characteristics against an impeccable public background, is being reversed, and political and military actions are being shown against a background of the human being as a whole. This sort of biography, while inspired by genuine curiosity, is inevitably also inspired by dissent, and much of it is couched in the form of a refutation of long-standing myths, and edged by irritation against the makers of them. We have yet to strike a balance. The virtuous myth is still too strong for biographers of Washington, while rediscovering him in their own way, not to feel the itch to combat it, and destroy it with a counter-blast of very human and possibly damaging material. Both Mr. Woodward and Mr. Hughes are thoroughly impatient with the official traducers of Washington, from the grotesque Parson Weems and the falsifying Jared Sparks down to their less crude modern descendants, and feel under an obligation to shoot the goody-goody tradition full of holes—an obligation which at times makes their biographies a little lop-sided. Their resentment of the myth is a tribute to its strength, and they cannot avoid being polemical. No intelligent biographer of Washington could well avoid that today. The ground must be cleared. When the rubbish is out of the way—which won't be for a long time—biographers can afford to march straight for their objective without having to conduct raids into the interior of nonsense as they go along. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Woodward notably advance the coming of that rubbishless day. Super-patriots will gnash their teeth at some of their discoveries and points of emphasis, and the grinding noise will prevent the patriots from remarking how impressive and, in the main, unassailable a Washington emerges at the end of their books, how much greater a man he is for having submitted to proof that he was at bottom of the same stuff as everybody else.

Mr. Hughes takes Washington only as far as his thirtieth year, Mr. Woodward takes him all the way. At many points, their books are parallel, for they are after the same thing. Each is trying to pull down what Mr. Hughes calls "a marble snob on a conceited marble horse" and erect in its place the figure of a man. Each of them triumphs in the end by giving us this man, whom we inevitably like and admire, who, we are sure, is gigantic and great. Each does his most effective work when the trail is closest to the documents, when Washington is most encouraged to tell his own story, and each of them fails, at minor points, in the same way. The more each of them indulges in suppositions, perilous reconstructions, and so-it-must-have-beens, the more the story tends to leave the tracks. Neither of them can resist an impulse to make comments, in the freest personal style, that are often trivial and sometimes absurd. Mr. Woodward, for instance, is heavily poetical: Hamilton's "ideas fell on the slow-moving mind of Washington as sunlight falls on houses in Spain." And Mr. Hughes occasionally makes us writhe:

> He doubtless caused his little mother a heavy travail, for he was probably a big and lusty child, since he was so big and lusty a man.
>
> But he probably did not cry much, since his voice was never strong, and he was subject to colds. He must have been a blue-eyed babe, for his eyes were almost white in later years.

Well, what of it? And since none of the above is on the warm side of a wild guess, why say it at all? This is

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an extreme instance of a good deal which Mr. Hughes's book were better without. And I object also to most of Mr. Woodward's lyrical discoveries of generalities which have been known for a long time. But these flaws fade away into nothing once the books are finished, and what we have felt is, in Mr. Hughes's case, a most minute and engrossing record of the first half of Washington's life, and in Mr. Woodward's case, a fascinating biography, plus a great deal of astonishing and vivid material about colonial and revolutionary times.

Between them, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Woodward knock the powdered myth heavily on the head. Their evidence, curiously enough, while it annihilates the myth and confounds the myth-makers, does Washington practically no harm at all; indeed, it helps to pump a great deal of living blood into his veins. The high spots of this evidence, taken along with his life as a whole, seem consistent with it, and an inseparable part of it. We do not think of even the most surprising items of it, the items most thoroughly at variance with the picture of the "marble snob," as in any way indictments of Washington. Here are some of Mr. Hughes's and Mr. Woodward's weapons, found in the cold corpse of the high-falutin, Sunday school legend.

Every great American hero is, ex-officio, a good husband and a good son. Washington's mother was an impossible old lady, who so annoyed him on occasion that he could write to her (always beginning "Honored Madam") with the extreme of frigid rebuke. Washington seems to have been in love, for a great part of his life, with Sally Fairfax, to whom he wrote tender, veiled and hopeless letters long after his own marriage. And this marriage seems to have been made easier by the fact that Mrs. Curtis was the richest woman in Virginia.

Washington had a keen sense of land and money values which never left him. We find him complaining, with dignity but frequency, of the meagreness of the pay of a colonial officer commanding border troops. He was perpetually buying and selling land, and adding to his estates. During the Revolutionary War he would not accept pay as commander-in-chief, nor would he take one of the grants of land distributed by Congress. But "his altruism as to land was rather limited in its scope," says Mr. Woodward, and goes on to tell the far from charming story of how Washington, in 1784, dispossessed squatters on his lands in Pennsylvania. He had bought, years before, 3,000 acres from a destitute friend, for a little over eleven pounds. Washington went to Pennsylvania, offered to sell the land to the squatters for 340 times what he had paid for it, or to rent it to them for ten pounds a year per hundred acres. They refused to pay the high price. They were evicted. "There was, however, a bright side to this disagreeable episode. The improvements which had been made by the settlers, and the land they had cleared, greatly increased the value of the property. Washington sold it some years later for twelve thousand dollars."

In 1757 Washington ran for the Virginia House of Burgesses. "The saloon vote was enthusiastically against him [I am quoting Mr. Hughes], for he had fought the tippling-houses with all his might and had flayed the drunken soldiers with great vigor and regularity. He had furthermore tried to close up many drinking resorts." He received forty out of 581 votes. The next year he was again a candidate. A complete reversal of policy: he spent over $180 on rum-punches and other liquor for the voters. He was elected.

The incident of the killing of Jumonville is puzzling. Washington (this was in 1754), with the help of Indians, surprised a small French detachment, and their commander, Jumonville, was killed. The French insisted that Jumonville came as ambassador to a parley, and in fact he carried letters to that effect. Not long after, Jumonville's brother defeated Washington at Fort Necessity, but sought no revenge, indeed allowed the colonial troops to leave the fort with military honors. He secured a pledge from Washington and his officers not to take up arms against the French again, and drew up a capitulation, signed by Washington, in which the "assassination" of Jumonville was admitted. Washington pleaded that his interpreter had mistranslated "assassination" into "death" or "loss," and as he himself spoke no French, this is probably the explanation. But the incident raged hotly, here and in Europe, and did much to bring on the Seven Years' War, though this had existed informally for some time. Washington violated his parole not to take up arms against the French again.

Mr. Woodward does not think highly of Washington as a military leader. He had organizing ability, he says, and his great contribution was holding the revolutionary cause together by sheer force of character. But the business of Fort Necessity was obviously badly managed, and Washington moved and separated his forces on Long Island and Manhattan Island in such a way as to invite disaster. A thorough-going aristocrat, his methods of keeping the revolutionary recruits from melting away entirely were tactless and often brutal. Though far from cruel, Washington had a soldier's insensitiveness, and was not keenly aware of the state of mind of troops when they were faced with severe floggings, or, as seemed necessary to him on one occasion, a gibbet forty feet high.

It was Jared Sparks who committed one of the most flagrant falsifications. Washington, as a soldier, used the military methods of his times, and we find him writing this letter to an officer during the border war against the French: "I must confess that I think these scalping parties of Indians we send out will more effectually harass the Indians . . . than any parties of white people can do." Sparks carefully omitted the word "scalping," though he printed the rest of the letter. Nor has history made much noise about the letter to Dinwiddie, at a time when Virginia was paying a bounty of ten pounds per Indian scalp, and Maryland as much as fifty. Washington wrote: "I hope, although it is not an Indian's, they [his soldiers] will meet with an adequate reward at least, as the monsieur's is of much more consequence. . . ." "It" refers to the scalp of a French officer, Douville, who was captured by Washington's men, and the scalp was sent along with the letter. Autres temps, autres mœurs. Ours is poison gas.

Humanitarian sentiments about slavery have also changed since 1750. In such matters Washington was not ahead of his times. He did not approve of the institution of slavery, but this did not prevent his selling and buying slaves, and treating them in the best manner of the day, without cruelty, but with rigid economy and precision, as one treats a valuable animal.

Washington had almost no part in the discussions and convulsions which preceded the Declaration of Independence and the Revolution, and the ideas then loosed like lightning in the air did not much interest him. He was later than most of the American leaders to see the necessity for independence, and indeed circumstances drove him into that position with little thought on his part. While well aware of the rôle he was fitted to play in the struggle, and not without an eye to future fame—a very sensible, unfeverish eye—he was in no sense a leader of the Revolution as such, much less a leader of its thought. Political and

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indeed most intellectual generalities were foreign to him. A few pages from his diary, that of a shrewd, busy, unreflective, enormously self-sufficient and calm-headed squire, will prove this better than the words of commentators. Religion seems to have occupied his mind not at all, and even his presence at church was, for the times, not frequent. He seems to have read very little, though he was passionately fond of the theatre.

The Farewell Address was largely the work of Hamilton. Other Presidents have followed this example, and are still doing so, minus, of course, the gifts of Hamilton.

"The Father of his Country," says Mr. Hughes, "was a swell from his sixteenth year on. He consorted with English lords, rode to hounds, learned to love foppery and all the elegances, became a past master of dancing, of gambling, polite drinking and exquisite flirtation." This is in the main true, if a trifle over-drawn. After reading both books, it is evident that Washington was fond enough of these things, but took them moderately as part of the routine of life, and in none of them particularly excelled his contemporaries. But the point is that many of these diversions are considered crimes by millions of American citizens, who make their censure retroactive.

There is nothing in all this list which seems to me to detract any ponderable amount from Washington's moral size and accomplishments. They are consistent with his other acts. There seldom was a more consistent man, or one made more wholly out of one piece of noble, homely cloth. Some of his acts, if done today, might diminish our respect for the man who did them, but they were done a hundred and fifty years ago. Many of these acts are quite incompatible with the prayer-book, ice-cream and marble myths, so let us throw the myth overboard and keep Washington. Recited as above, in vacuo, with no cumulative context, without the background of the rum-drinking, money-grubbing, selfish and incapable colonies gloriously fumbling their way into the miracle of independence and the far greater miracle of unity, either of which by a hair's-breadth shift in history might forever have been postponed, this evidence lifted from Mr. Hughes and Mr. Woodward may seem trivial, and wilfully inflated beyond its true relation to the full-length picture of Washington. For this violence done to their essential purpose I beg the authors' pardon, and urge everyone to read their books, being sure that these, and all other details, will sink into proper relation with the whole, a whole magnificently, unaccountably composed of details no one of which is particularly great, yet adding up to a great and warm and admirable and human total.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Latter Day Conquistadores

Imperialism and World Politics, by Parker Thomas Moon. New York: The Macmillan Company. 583 pages. $3.50.

PROFESSOR MOON'S study appears at an appropriate time. Never so much as in 1927 has it been pertinent to examine the motivation, development, meaning and consequence of "the most impressive achievement and the most momentous world-problem of our age"—the subjugation of nearly all the world and most of its peoples by a few nations in West Europe and North America. Just now the world problem grows acute and the permanency of the achievement is being tested, at the moment, in China and Latin America, as it was a short time ago in Egypt, Syria, Morocco and India, and as it will presently be everywhere else. Such a study has long been needed by the professional scholar; it is now urgently necessary to the layman who wants to understand his daily newspaper.

Measured by the importance of the subject, the critical literature on imperialism is scanty indeed. Of official-minded, even stuffed-shirt books there is no lack. They are numerous and run in monotone, all of them solemnly discovering and pronouncing this or that nation to be not yet fit for self-government—the question never being raised as to which nation is. Books dealing with imperialism in limited areas also are numerous. Leonard Woolf and E. D. Morel have written on Africa, Robert W. Dunn and Scott Nearing and Joseph Freeman on the United States in Latin America, Edward M. Earle on the Near East, and many Englishmen on India. But not since J. A. Hobson's volume, Imperialism, published twenty-five years ago, has there been an attempt to examine the subject as a whole, as a politico-economic system, an historic force working relentlessly to change the surface and inner life of the modern world. Professor Moon has met the need. He has done it admirably.

The word critical does not necessarily imply condemnation. By it is meant only insistence on questioning values and refusal to accept as truth that which is most commonly believed because most often repeated. Mr. Moon does not condemn at all, in fact. He delivers few judgments, too few for the present reviewer. He states fact, analyzes motive, traces cause and effect. He is objective rather than judicial, but he can also deflate pretense with a deft ironic thrust and he does strip off the myths, hypocrisies and lies which have accumulated around the acquisition of empire.

The method is factual and historical. The regions which have been the theatre of European and American expansion are taken in turn and the story of the conquest and partition of all Africa, nearly all of Asia and the oceanic islands, and the encroachment of the United States to the south, is told with fine compression and restraint. Perhaps with too much restraint. Though it may be aside from the scholar's purpose to dwell on the rapacity with which the powerful nations have comported themselves in weaker and materially backward lands, it is quite obvious that this rapacity has been one of the factors which have produced the present situation: the challenge to imperialism. Fundamentally it is nationalism and the desire for independence which animates the subject nations now in revolt, but their desire for independence has been given driving force by the abuses of their rulers. Yet one may agree with Leonard Woolf's dictum, in writing of imperialism in Africa, that it is not the atrocities which make the system, but the system which makes the atrocities. The exploitation of a defenseless people cannot be carried out with gentleness, not when the exploitation is for profit.

The last point Mr. Moon brings out with clarity and force. Fools may prattle of the white man's burden, the dull-minded of the necessity of preserving law and order in neighboring regions, and the man in the street, of national honor and glory, but the controlling motive of the aggressions on weak and "uncivilized" lands has been economic. This may have been determined by the need for raw materials or markets for surplus products or it may have been just greed for quick profits, but it has been economic. No great state has ever heard the call to civilize any backward land which did not have valuable natural resources.

Two stages in the evolution of imperialism have passed

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or are passing. The first is the stage of conquest. That is over. All the valuable regions of the earth have been appropriated by the strong. The second is the stage when the strong quarrel among themselves for the spoils. From this stage we have not yet emerged, though two first-class wars have been fought. The third stage is just beginning—the struggle of the conquered to regain their independence. Mr. Moon contents himself with reviewing his momentous world-problem to date. He deals with the first two stages only. It is too early to discuss the third, except by way of speculation, because the facts are too few. There are only inchoate and sub-surface tendencies. Yet the world politics of the immediate future will turn on that issue: what are we going to do about our subject nations, the burdens that refuse to be carried any longer? The issue cannot be faced intelligently without grasping what has already happened. And this Mr. Moon's book enables one to do. He has combined scholarship with worldly wisdom and accomplished a first-rate job as well as a necessary one. NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Palimpsest

Palimpsest, by H. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

DESPITE one's very great respect for H. D.'s poetry —and respect is perhaps the word, for it is a poetry which never warms or excites, but at its best elicits (rather) a cool intense admiration in which feelings are suspended—one must admit that the extraordinary power and richness of her novel, if novel it can be called, come as a surprise. One is tempted to say that the world of Palimpsest and the world of the poetry are two entirely different things. That would be convenient, but it is not quite exact; for it is, of course, easy enough to trace, in the prodigal and sometimes disheveled magnificence of the prose, the hard, and occasionally too neat, small objectiveness of the verse. Nevertheless, one cannot evade the feeling that in prose H. D. is a much more impressive and disturbing person than in verse: which is tantamount to saying that she has a great deal more to express than she found it remotely possible to express in the somewhat narrow, somewhat precious, poetic mode which she had invented for herself. One can only guess, idly, at the reasons for this—one supposes that she had some queer idée fixe as to what sort of thing poetry should or should not be; that it should not, for instance, be too candidly emotional, or too indulgently rhythmical, or too lavish of colored phrase; that it should be spare, and hint rather coldly at its ardors, and perhaps be also a little asymmetrical in design. Whatever the reasons for these odd inhibitions, it is obvious enough that she has inverted the usual procedure, and has found in the prose of Palimpsest a far deeper emotional release and escape, and therefore a more intimate mode of expression, than her verse has ever afforded her. She takes at last the plunge—she delivers herself at last completely to the whole range of intensities of feeling and perception, which, in her poetry (she had the air of saying) were things a little too frightening, things that had better be run from, and mentioned, if mentioned at all, a little breathlessly. And the result is a novel which invites comparison with the very best fiction which has been written, in any language, in this century.

Of H. D.'s debts and affinities one need not say much, beyond noting that she owes a good deal to James (in the third part) and to Joyce (in the second part)—sometimes a shade too palpably echoing the styles of those two writers, especially James. Of her theme, one need only remark that it perhaps carries a little too far toward the esoteric, perhaps toward the mystic (in its suggestion of recurring personalities and situations, or even reincarnations), its elaborate analysis of the queer oppressiveness of the sense of the past. One would like to be surer than one is that H. D. does not take all this too seriously. If, in this regard, one gives her the benefit of the doubt, then one has little left but praise. The three long episodes of which the novel is made—one in ancient Rome, one in post-war London, one in modern Egypt—are given us with a richness and vividness, an unintermittent saturation of verisimilitude, and a balancing of the objectively beautiful with the psychologically true, which one would have to go far to match. There are stylistic oddities—elisions and abruptnesses—which pull one up, and occasionally carelessnesses (split infinitives, modern French phrases in the Roman section, and other small matters) in the midst of a prose so beautiful as to make such errors glaring; and one notes again, as one always notes of the "stream of consciousness" method, that one now and then founders a little in the fragmentary and chaotic and repetitive welter of the interior monologue. One would have preferred, in the second section, a little more stiffening—more of the direct narrative (retrospected or vatically projected), and less of the obsessed round-and-round of the heroine's mind, which sometimes, in its endless repetitions of certain leit-motifs, goes beyond the limits of the credible, as also of the æsthetically endurable. Nor need the first part have been quite so bristlingly and barbedly archaistic in order to attain a flavor as of the "classic." But these are minor objections, and so is one's feeling that H. D. overdoes a little the interpolative method, with its interjections, qualifications, parenthetic questions, parenthetic reminiscences—one feels, in the midst of this burning subjectivism, this consuming Narcissism, that it would be a relief to come oftener upon a simple narrative statement or a connected bit of dialogue. And one is sure that this need not have diminished in the slightest the extraordinary evocativeness of this prose, nor in the least have impeded H. D.'s remarkably subtle apprehension of mood and feeling, and the logical sequences of mood and feeling that we call character. CONRAD AIKEN.

Colorful Corsica

Concerning Corsica, by René Juta. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 192 pages. $2.75.

WHAT strikes one most forcibly in this colorful notebook is the unity between text and illustration. The ultra-modern decorative quality predominates in both, extravagantly mannered but vigorous—"realism stylized" as the author describes the prospect of Bonifacio. Her sketches of Corsican towns follow no formal sequence. They are delivered like personal notes to friends who would appreciate the delights of the life which Miss Juta and her brother are observing and recording with so much zest. Behind the highly-studied expression of both painter and writer the surge of spontaneous enjoyment carries one with them to enthusiasm—which is, for this reader, one test of a good travel book. The last chapters are an amusing transition in style, sloping steeply down from the decorative to the practical—almost as if the author were sure of having "sold" us Corsica, and were indicating the dotted lines of an itinerary. Yet the very assurance of the gesture enables us to recommend the Juta book as at once an agreeable guide and delightful stay-at-home reading. D. B. W.

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A Water-Colorist

Two Gentlemen in Bonds, by John Crowe Ransom. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 87 pages. $2.

MR. JOHN CROWE RANSOM is a poet of much charm and a certain amount of originality. The narrative in sonnet sequence which gives its title to this new book does not represent him at his best: it is quite prettily done, but all in a vein of rather too mild, too quaint, too sweetly wise irony—an irony suggestive of Mr. E. A. Robinson, but without the fine and delicately cutting edge which that poet occasionally unsheathes. In general, a cutting edge of some sort is what we chiefly miss in Mr. Ransom. Skilful, agreeable and personal as are the casually broken rhythms of his inveterate iambic pentameter, we come to wish at last that the good-natured iambs, which have so easily allowed themselves to become everything else in the interests of a tone of conversation, would decide to set straight their slipped stress, to vindicate their true accent, and to march, to sound their trumpets or to strike.

We have, however, to have had a good deal of Mr. Ransom before we arrive at this state of mind. In the meantime, we read him with the same sort of pleasure that we derive from Miss Edith Sitwell or Mr. Wallace Stevens, to whom he is closely akin. He is not a great poet, but he is a delightful and distinguished writer, one of the very few American poets of whom we may be sure that he will not bore us or let us down into banality. His intelligence, his humor and his grace never fail him; and the best of his poetry has the light and translucent, but deliciously satisfying, loveliness—so much more precious than most pretentious oil-painting—of the finest water-color:

> Go and ask Robin to bring the girls over
> To Sweetwater, said my Aunt; and that was why
> It was like a dream of ladies sweeping by
> The willows, clouds, deep meadowgrass, and the river. . . .
>
> Let them alone, dear Aunt, just for one minute
> Till I go fishing in the dark of my mind:
> Where have I seen before, against the wind,
> These bright virgins, robed and bare of bonnet,
>
> Flowing with music of their strange quick tongue
> And adventuring with delicate paces by the stream—
> Myself a child, old suddenly at the scream
> From one of the white throats which it hid among!

E. W.

Stations of the Cross

The Way of the Cross, by Padraic Colum. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour. 36 pages.

THESE poems were written for a set of bas reliefs by the sculptor Alfeo Faggi in the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle in Chicago. There are very few living poets to whom one would care to entrust the task of supplying verses for the stations of the Cross: such devotional poetry in our day is too likely to prove insipid, imitative, over-subtle or insincere. Mr. Colum is perhaps the one man who is in a position to escape all these dangers. The bas reliefs of Alfeo Faggi, rude, stiff, sensitive and severe, seem peculiarly appropriate subjects for Mr. Colum and call forth his characteristic style at its best. His verses are both bare and stony and of a fine literary grain, both homely and nobly phrased:

> The birds are flying home,
> Now darkened is the sky,
> And He hath given up
> With that great, bitter cry
> The Ghost, and on the Cross
> (His Mother stays by it)
> The title rightly His,
> KING—is writ. . . .
>
> Now in the tomb is laid
> Who had neither house nor hall,
> Who in the wide world walked,
> And talked with one and all,
> Who told the sparrow's worth,
> The lilies' praises said,
> Who kept wakeful in the garden,
> Now in the tomb is laid.

Each of these stanzas is followed by an exhortation set against the pain which it commemorates—as (in the case of the last):

> His spirit still doth move
> On a new way of love!

Yet the impression made by the tragic scenes is far stronger than the effect of the exhortations. We reflect that all that two fine artists—of Catholic sympathies, if not of faith—that all that two fine artists can do, has here been done. Yet we are touched by no religious exaltation behind the beautiful work: Mr. Colum and Mr. Faggi are almost as far as the rest of us from Fra Angelico and St. Francis.

> Who kept wakeful in the garden,
> Now in the tomb is laid.

This is the bitter ending of man, not the beginning of eternal life.

E. W.

Nathalia Crane

The Singing Crow, by Nathalia Crane. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 85 pages. $2.

Selections from Nathalia Crane: The Pamphlet Poets. New York: Simon and Schuster. 31 pages. $.25.

THE success of Nathalia Crane and the wonder with which she has been received are significant phenomena, and anything but reassuring. What astonishes one is not the fact that a child between ten and fourteen should have been able to write the poetry which Nathalia has published; but the fact that there should have been so many people who could not believe it possible. There are many instances of writers of genius producing equally remarkable verse in their teens; and many more instances of clever children, not necessarily geniuses at all, who have displayed similar literary gifts. The features of Nathalia Crane's poetry which have been seized upon by the doubters as indisputable evidence that it was doctored for her by her elders—her recondite vocabulary and her ingenious rhymes—are precisely features which are characteristic of a good deal of adolescent poetry, where the children have done enough reading to provide them with resources of language and to teach them to delight in literary exercises for their own sake. One usually knows more odd words at fifteen than at any subsequent period of one's life and one is more fascinated by eccentric rhymes. This is one

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reason why literary schoolboys often read Browning and W. S. Gilbert with the same avidity. And among children who have learned literary games, one could find many a round of bouts rimés no less accomplished than the poetry of Nathalia Crane.

What is surprising, in Nathalia's case, then, is not her literary proficiency—which, although remarkable, does not yet afford much evidence as to whether or not she may eventually become a poet—but the fact that her verses have been published by her parents, who might better have kept her away from the Klieg lights of American publicity; that they have been taken seriously by the critics, who have already made quite bad enough blunders in the cases of grown-up poets; and, finally, that they have achieved the semi-classic dignity of being admitted to a series which includes also selections from Emily Dickinson, Walt Whitman, Emerson and Poe. We wonder whether such an indecency could have been committed anywhere else except in America, where it is actually true that Nathalia's poetry is quite as good as that of a great many of the most admired grown-up poets—as good as most of Vachel Lindsay, for example—simply because the grown-up poets are as immature as she. In the meantime, we feel rather sorry for Nathalia, who seems an interesting and sympathetic child, but who has been assured by so many high authorities that what she writes is poetry and who, in consequence, may never be stimulated to find out what poetry is. E. W.

Constructive Child Labor Reform

Child Labor in Massachusetts, by Raymond G. Fuller and Mabel A. Strong. Boston: Massachusetts Child Labor Committee. 170 pages. $1.

WHEN the Children's Bureau was investigating child labor in tobacco growing areas of the country their schedule gatherers came to the district where John Coolidge was spending part of his vacation picking tobacco. Discreetly they avoided scheduling young Coolidge as a "case." To list "President of the United States" under "Occupations of Fathers" would have made it difficult to convey to the public the fact that what was a lark for the President's son was seriously harmful to some of the other boys to whom the continuance of this work, though not an obvious physical injury, was no less an injury through broken schooling. The instance exemplifies the status of the child labor movement in most sections of the country today. The worst abuses have been corrected, the panaceas have been exploded, and the problem settles down to a consideration of all the surrounding conditions which may make work either a detriment or a benefit.

In the post mortems on the rejection by the states of the proposed child labor amendment we heard much of the iniquity of business interests, the pendulum swing of reaction against all local legislation, and the flare-back from national prohibition. Among ourselves it might be wholesome to admit that the vote against the amendment was also a direct and not undeserved criticism of the attitude and methods of many of those identified with the movement to abolish child labor. We as a nation are moved not by thinking but by feeling, and it was inevitable that impassioned oratory, emotional statistics and horrible examples should have been needed in the beginning to upset the complacent belief in the Heaven-directed rightness of our economic system. The propagandists started enthusiastically to legislate child labor out of existence, they rushed into negative and prohibitory programs. Of what they accomplished directly much was good and much was bad, but indirectly they accomplished vast benefit by flinging us into the middle of the problem and forcing us to swim ashore.

We have discovered by this process that child labor is not a problem which can be legislated out of existence, nor a problem which can be considered by itself. We have learned that the evils of child labor cannot be mapped unless we map the whole field of employment, that we must change from a negative and prohibitory to a constructive point of view. We have discovered that child labor is an integral part of the whole industrial problem, and that we cannot hope to guide children into a satisfactory working life unless the general conditions of industry are made more satisfactory. We have learned that children turn to the realities of work largely because of the unrealities of school, and the sharpest criticism of our educational system is contained in the fact that thousands of children joyously leave at the first possible moment. Through many mistakes we have learned that the child cannot be considered as a separate unit, that the term child presupposes some family group, and that what we tried to abolish as child labor calls for a constructive approach through immigrant aid, mothers' pensions, family rehabilitation, more comprehensive industrial accident rulings, and all the other weapons of the multiple attack on poverty itself. We have discovered that the working child is also a health and a social problem which can be reached only through a wider program of child hygiene, recreation and other community social developments.

The Massachusetts Child Labor Committee has taken stock of the problem within its borders and has turned, without regret, from the prospect of improving others via federal amendment to the task of improving itself. If the other forty-seven states will make as candid and constructive an outline of their conditions and needs, and forswearing the glittering panaceas of prohibitory legislation, will turn as intelligently and courageously to the undramatic task of administration, we may look forward confidently to a new era for all children. VALESKA BARI.

The Emerald of Catherine the Great, by Hilaire Belloc. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THAT versatile historian, Mr. Belloc, has contrived in this burlesque mystery story to ensnare the reader's interest in the situation as well as to promote the hilarity anticipated by his ironical presentation of the characters. Lively caricatures of these personages by G. K. Chesterton illustrate the tale: their admirable unity of spirit makes Belloc and Chesterton an ideal comedy team. We recommend their mystery "turn" to lovers of high-class divertissements. D. B. W.

Contributors

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CONRAD AIKEN, poet and critic, is the author of several volumes of poems, short stories, and essays.

VALESKA BARI is a student of social and industrial conditions.

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